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The Week

RAPID forward thrusts by motorized units of the Italian army, followed by Ethiopian raids on exposed positions, have been described in conflicting reports. All that is sure is that some of the heaviest fighting of the entire conflict has taken place, with no decisive results yet in sight. Meanwhile, the League of Nations continues to show marked reluctance to proceed with oil sanctions against Italy, and the bringing together of monarchs, heads of states and diplomats at the funeral of King George V may have aided the behind-the-scenes negotiations for an early settlement. The Nazis celebrated the third anniversary of their accession to power in Germany with spectacular displays in Berlin and throughout the Reich. The army did not participate, and the excitement of the celebration effectively blanketed a significant announcement that the Reichswehr henceforth not only would defend Germany in international affairs but would also act to preserve internal order. The latter function hitherto has been regarded as the special province of the National Socialist Party and the now greatly reduced ranks of the Storm Troopers. The new King Edward VIII of Great Britain appears to desire friendly relations with Germany, although the British are disturbed by reports of a military alliance between Japan and the Reich. Armed clashes and other "incidents" along the borders of Manchukuo and Outer Mongolia served to continue the dangerous tension between Japan and the Soviet Union. Albert Sarraut, the new Premier of France, was upheld by a surprisingly large vote of confidence in the Chamber of Deputies and a threatened flight of gold was stemmed by the government's announced intention of upholding the franc and seeking an international stabilization agreement.

POLITICAL speeches boomed back and forth across America as Senator Joseph T. Robinson replied to Al Smith's Liberty League speech. Senator Borah in Brooklyn and Governor Landon in Topeka made addresses that were construed as bids for the Republican nomination, and Governor Talmadge at his hand-picked "grass roots" convention in Macon, Georgia, launched a savagely reactionary attack on President Roosevelt. The President remained smilingly indifferent to this cross-fire of oratory, and on Thursday night broadcast his thanks to the groups that had observed his fifty-fourth birthday with a nationwide series of parties for the benefit of the Warm Springs Foundation and associated activities. In Congress the inflationist forces started a determined drive in favor of legislation to pay the recently voted soldiers' bonus by printing two billion dollars in greenbacks. As the Supreme Court again postponed its decision on the constitutionality of the T.V.A., the President sent a special message to Congress, in view of the A.A.A. decision, requesting repeal of the cotton, tobacco and potato crop-control legislation. Following the death of Senator-elect O. K. Allen, factional differences in the Long machine in Louisiana were smoothed over and the new Governor James A. Noe appointed Huey Long's widow to serve out her husband's unexpired term in the United States Senate. The United Mine Workers of America, meeting

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adopted a resolution favoring the reëlection of President Roosevelt. Norman Thomas in a radio address on Sunday night refuted Al Smith's charge that Roosevelt's policies were "socialistic" and refused to give his support to the President.

A GOOD many members of Congress are now learning, with surprise and pain, that neutrality is expensive. It is so expensive, in fact, that the latest reports indicate the new legislation may be postponed to 1937, with the temporary law continued in the interim. The attack on the proposed measure has come from several sources. Exporters have fiercely resisted a plan that would interfere with their fat trade and fat profits in wartime. Fanatical isolationists have attacked the bill on the ground that somehow or other it would be used to coöperate with League sanctions against an aggressor. Still others who do not share this excessive timidity nevertheless believe that our best chance of keeping out of war is to sell goods to anybody and everybody, in whatever amounts they desire, on a cash-and-carry basis. The hearings before the House and Senate committees thus far strongly support the view that hardly anybody actually wants peace —wants it, that is, to the extent of being willing to pay for it.

JEWISH leaders in America are about to launch a United Palestine Appeal for $3,500,000 to aid in the plan for a mass exodus from Germany of 100,000 young Jews between the ages of seventeen and thirty-five. It is expected that Palestine will be their chief destination. A conference including representatives of forty-two national Jewish organizations met in Washington over the week-end and heard the plan explained by three leaders from Great Britain, Sir Herbert Samuel, first British High Commissioner for Palestine, Viscount Bearsted and Mr. Simon Marks. All three speakers vigorously denied the impression conveyed by the first news stories of the plan that it was to be contingent upon the raising of a large loan to the German government, and that Jews must take their capital out of Germany in the form of export goods to be sold abroad, thus stimulating German industry and breaking down boycott restrictions. Rabbi Stephen S. Wise of New York City, as chairman-elect of the appeal committee, urged a resolution, unanimously adopted, favoring a complete boycott of all Nazi goods and services. Instead of expulsion, with forced loans and sale of export goods, the plan is to have Jews throughout the world finance the peaceable departure of their co-religionists from Germany. To this end, a world fund of $15,000,000 is ultimately contemplated, to provide for the exodus of 25,000 Jews annually. Because of world-wide conditions of unemployment and depression, many countries would probably object to immigration, and for that reason it is planned to settle at least half of the young Jewish colonists on their British government will raise immigration quotas to make this possible, at the same time safeguarding the rights of the Arab population.

THE Liberty League is seeking members by means of a letter signed by John J. Raskob. His principal appeal is based on the fact that he began as a poor boy and has now become rich, a "stockholder and director in several companies." Because of this he thinks that "as measured in terms of happiness . . . greatest success has come from accomplishment made possible under our form of government, accomplishments impossible under a socialistic, communistic or other form of government." Somehow the life story of Mr. Raskob seems to us something less than conclusive evidence. The Liberty League would complete the picture if it also presented the biographies of the fifteen million unemployed, or of those millions who have lost their savings, and whose enterprise and thrift have gone for nothing. We have cherished a feeling that the American republic was founded for some nobler purpose than the self-satisfaction of the officers of General Motors and E. I. du Pont de Nemours.

OUR readers who have followed the Consumers' Research strike will be interested in the report handed down last week by Charles A. Wood, trial examiner of the National Labor Relations Board. Consumers' Research, in Mr. Wood's opinion, "has engaged in and is engaging in unfair labor practices." It discharged three of its employees for union activities, he holds, and when a substantial majority of its staff struck in protest against these dismissals, it refused to bargain collectively. Mr. Wood rejects as absurd the charge raised by CR that the union's real purpose in the strike was to gain control of CR. He points out that at present complete control of the organization is vested in a board of directors of four—of whom two constitute a quorum—a rather impregnable position, barring a rift among the directors themselves. On the basis of these findings, the Labor Board has ordered Consumers' Research to "cease and desist from refusing to bargain collectively" and to offer "immediate and full reinstatement" to the three discharged employees as well as to all other employees who went on strike last September. But Consumers' Research has already made known that it will not comply with these recommendations. Meanwhile, the Association of Consumers' Research Subscribers, which was originally formed to aid in settlement of the strike, has announced the formation of a National Consumers' Union, with offices at 26 East Seventeenth Street, New York City. The union will offer consumer information not only on quality and price but also on the labor conditions under which goods are produced and distributed. Quite apart from the fact that the Consumers' Union is an outgrowth of the strike and will give employment to many of the strikers, we hope that it will receive wide support,

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FOR the first time since the "General Slocum" disaster in 1904, ship's officers have been sentenced for maritime criminal negligence. William F. Warms, acting captain of the "Morro Castle," which was burned with a loss of 134 lives off the coast of New Jersey on September 8, 1934, must serve two years in prison. Eben Starr Abbott, chief engineer, who tore off his epaulets and jumped into a boat that had a capacity of fifty-nine persons but was launched with twenty-nine members of the crew and three passengers, was sentenced to four years. Henry E. Cabaud, executive vice-president of the New York and Cuba Mail Steamship Company (the Ward Line), was sentenced to one year, but this was suspended on condition that he pay a fine of $5,000 and remain on probation for one year. Federal Judge Murray Hulbert imposed the maximum fine of $10,000 on the Ward Line and remarked as he did so that it was "insufficient." In this he touched upon the crucial factor, for the real responsibility for the appalling loss of life lies with a steamship company that would entrust the safety of its passengers to a ship that was equipped with inadequate safeguards and manned by an understaffed, underpaid and undertrained crew. Testimony showed that the crew was worked inhumanly long hours, was paid inhumanly low wages, was never given adequate fire and safety drills, was never recruited to its full numerical strength, and that the labor turnover per voyage was extremely high. Steamship companies put terrific pressure on commanding officers to avoid S.O.S. calls and thus save salvage costs, and undoubtedly this pressure was a factor in the tragic delay in giving the alarm that ultimately cost so many lives.

IT IS good news, in our judgment, that the Bryn Mawr Summer School for Women Workers in Industry is going back to Bryn Mawr. Our readers may remember that after thirteen years of successful operation, difficulties arose between the school and Bryn Mawr which, in 1935, caused the session to be held at Spring Valley, New York. It is hoped that these difficulties, which need not be recited here, have now been cleared away. One valued reform has been to cut down the Board of Directors of the Summer School to only twelve persons, of whom one-half represent Bryn Mawr and the other half, the Summer School. The president of the Board will be President Marion Park of Bryn Mawr; it is hoped that the director, not yet chosen, will be an alumna. Full freedom of teaching and discussion, including "controversial questions," is guaranteed under the new agreement, which operates for two years. Among the directors are to be found such familiar names as those of Mrs. Henry Leach; Rose Schneiderman of the United Cloth, Hat and Cap Makers' Union; Pauline Newman of the International Ladies' Garment Workers; Josephine Goldmark and Hilda W. Smith, specialist in workers' education for the F.E.R.A. A factor in Just What We Needed, but it is plain that its timid petition signed by a group of undergraduates in Bryn Mawr itself, embracing nearly all the officers of student organizations.

TIFF miners in Missouri used to make about $2.50 per week—when they could get work. "Tiff" is the local name for the sticky clay that contains native sulphate of barium used in pigments, in the vulcanization of rubber and in the adulteration of certain foodstuffs. Last summer Joe Morris worked night and day among the exploited, undernourished and frequently illiterate tiff miners, organizing them into a union, bringing about some feeling of solidarity and preparing for a strike against the subhuman wages they were receiving. Representatives of the National Pigment and Chemical Company, a subsidiary of the National Lead Company, appealed to Judge Dearing of Washington County before the strike was called and obtained an injunction to prevent strikers from trespassing on company property. Joe Morris told the miners to disregard an injunction against a strike not yet in progress and said the judge who issued it ought to be impeached. For this he was accused of criminal contempt of court, and because of the nature of the charge he was denied a jury trial and was forthwith fined $50, being remanded to jail because of inability to pay. He is still in jail. His conviction has been upheld by the Supreme Court of the state of Missouri, and now an appeal financed by readers of the St. Louis Star-Times and other sympathizers has placed the case in the hands of the United States District Court. The Missouri action is so clear a violation of both state and United States constitutional guarantees of free speech and trial by jury that it emphasizes the sharp need for a state anti-injunction law similar to the present federal statute.

A LONG felt want in American political life has at last been filled. We learn from the January-March issue of Anathema that a Monarchist Party has at last been formed. It started in Boston where, if we remember correctly, the American colonists first moved to separate from Great Britain: thus the circle is completed. The new group, it is explained, wants not merely a monarchy but a benevolent one: it feels that such a thing has existed in the past, and could again. Liberalism, they say, has no integrity; communism and fascism have no "genuinely humanistic roots." The American royalists regret that they have no "legitimate claimant" like the French, but feel they can get along if there is enough faith in the principle. They wish T. S. Eliot would hurry up with his promised book in support of monarchism. They look forward gloomily to the next election, when they must choose between an elephantine or an assinine (sic) candidate. Rather tentatively, they nominate for the first American king the Spanish-born philosopher and novelist, George Santayana. This new party, obviously, is

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country is big enough to support several kings, and why shouldn't it? Why not the Emperor of the Pacific Northwest? Why should not Chicago have its own Mikado, preferably Big Bill Thompson? How about Talmadge for the Negus of the Southeast? These potentates could then conspire with or against each other and we might even get up a series of jolly little wars. Look what Europe has done under the same principle! If we are to have a single monarch for the whole country, one nomination to his retinue is so obvious that it hardly needs to be made. Gentlemen, we give you: for Court Jester, Alfred E. Smith.

Is Inflation Coming?

NOW THAT a powerful group in Congress threatens to pay the bonus and perhaps the agricultural benefits as well by the issuance of paper currency, the old fear of inflation is stirring once more. Obviously the issuance of money is an easy way out. Congress was unable to resist the pressure for government aid. It hesitates to impose taxes sufficient to balance the additional appropriations, especially before an election. Belabored by conservatives about the unbalanced budget, it does not want to take responsibility for increasing the federal debt. But we have great excess gold reserves, and Congress has the right to order the printing of money. It therefore is tempted to pay these bills without increasing taxes or borrowing anything to do so.

If this measure is passed and not vetoed, or is repassed over a veto, how much closer shall we be to inflation?

What Would Be the Immediate Effect of Printing the Money?—Suppose Congress orders that, for these new purposes, something like two and a half billions of new money be printed and paid out. How greatly will this increase the existing medium of payment? Money now in circulation approximates six billions. To this must be added "bank money," since most accounts are paid, not by currency, but by check. Bank deposits are not less than forty-five billions. Let us say, to be conservative, that the means of payment already at hand approximates fifty billion dollars. The new currency therefore would represent an addition of approximately five percent.

How great an increase in prices would this addition of money induce? It would create the maximum possible effect (a) if we assume that a large part of the existing bank deposits is now inactive, and (b) if we assume that the extra money would stimulate no additional production of goods and services. Let us say, to be liberal, that half the existing deposits are savings or time accounts, or for some other reason are not changing hands rapidly. And let us assume that the extra purchases by those existing and inadequate stocks of goods, so that the increase of demand over supply will cause a corresponding average rise of price. In that case, prices would rise about ten percent. That is the maximum.

What is the minimum possible rise in prices? Obviously it is zero. A considerable proportion of the veterans may not even cash the bonds. If the spending of the money that is handed out stimulates an equivalent increase in production, supply will increase along with demand, and prices will not rise. Even if this does not happen, stocks of goods now on hand may be large enough so that the increase of demand will not cause a rise of prices. In that case, the money is likely to get back again into inactive bank deposits or reserves, acting merely to further clearance of debts. The probability is that the increase of prices will be much nearer zero than ten percent. That is almost certain to be the effect of increase of money, in view of the fact that there are large unsold stocks of goods and many idle machines and factories.

Some people still believe in the hocus-pocus theory that the value of money is dependent on its metallic basis. We do not, but if this theory were correct, the new issue need not cause any inflation at all, since it could be backed by gold dollar for dollar, and still leave in the Treasury much more gold than we knew what to do with. We now have about ten billion dollars' worth.

What Is the Immediate Difference between Printing the Money and Not Printing It?—Practically none. If the government borrows the money to cash the bonds, the banks can issue it just as readily as the Treasury. The addition to the medium of exchange in circulation will be exactly the same. The only immediate difference will be expressed in whatever effect the additional government borrowing has upon the price and interest rate of government obligations. This is likely to be slight.

What Is the Ultimate Difference between Government Spending Financed by Printing Money and That Financed by Borrowing It?—A number of considerations enter here.

When the government pays its bills by printing money instead of borrowing it, future charges for interest and amortization are smaller, and taxes will ultimately be that much less.

The main theoretical objection is that, once the government starts to expand its expenditures by printing money, there is no automatic limit to the process. It may go on to produce disastrous inflation, if Congress repeats the process indefinitely. But if the government spends only as much as it can borrow, the growth of its debt tends to limit its credit, and thus there is a stopping point somewhere.

Practically the difference is not so obvious. Whether the government prints or borrows, it will have to spend immensely more than it has been

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sure on productive facilities which would stimulate much increase in prices. There is no danger of inflation from either source before the boom stage of prosperity, when there is little idle equipment and a labor shortage appears. When that stage arrives, if it ever does, inflation is more likely to arise from credit expansion by the banks in response to the demand of private business men and speculators than from government spending.

The question then becomes, which policy will more easily stimulate expansion of bank credit? Issuance of large amounts of government bonds tends to increase bank reserves, and thus to provide the basis for credit inflation. Issuance of large amounts of currency, if the currency continues to circulate among individuals, may not increase bank reserves to the same extent. But if, as is likely, the currency comes to rest in banks, it also will facilitate bank lending. In either case, our only protection against ultimate inflation lies in the precarious intention and ability of the Federal Reserve Board to check credit expansion before it is too late.

What Is the Chief Danger from Payment of Government Bills by Issuance of Paper Money?—The chief danger is not that this course would bring rising prices and inflation (which, in a capitalist order, is virtually synonymous with "prosperity"), but exactly the reverse. It might frighten the financial and business community so much that a flight of capital to other nations would be started, and new investment would be discouraged. A temporary upward flurry of prices might occur through the desire to lay in stocks before quotations rose, but this (like the one we had in the spring of 1933) would soon wear itself out. In this respect the psychological effect of printing money is likely to be more damaging than a continuance of government borrowing, though the latter also in the long run arouses similar fears.

Is There Any Way of Ending the Depression without Incurring the Risks of Inflation?—Theoretically, yes, though the present capitalist order is not likely to take it. It is to increase production and reduce prices at the same time, without reducing wages. Large production and consumption are what we want, not high prices. If industry would follow this road, there would be fewer persons needing relief and fewer businesses requiring stimulation, there would consequently be less demand for government spending, tax receipts would automatically increase, the deficit would disappear and the public debt could be reduced. The policies of government against which business protests are caused by the behavior of business itself. If the generals of finance and industry would attend to their own jobs by producing and selling as much as possible (a policy which requires low prices and high wages), they would cure our ills much more efficiently than by railing at the government. The trouble is, however, that the structure and habits of capitalism prevent them from being so sensible

Back to the Naval Building Race

IT IS a striking comment on the state of the world that the collapse of the London Naval Conference should have received so little attention in the press. True, its failure had been anticipated many months before the conference convened. True, also, a brave attempt has been made to minimize the seriousness of the situation since the Japanese walked out. Great Britain, the United States, France and Italy have since agreed to exchange information each year as to their building programs. This is better than nothing; but it is so little better that a high-powered microscope is needed to show the difference.

The principle of limiting naval armament by agreement, introduced in the autumn of 1921, has now been abandoned. It may return some day, but the chances at present seem strongly against this. Instead, we shall have a resumption of worldwide competition in building battleships on a vaster scale than ever before. The nations have embarked upon a road which means that the present almost intolerable burden of war preparation will become steadily greater until it culminates in the conflict, or series of conflicts, to which it logically leads.

The issue on which the conference split, as everyone knows, was the size and character of the Japanese navy. At the Washington conference the tonnage ratio was set up among Great Britain, the United States and Japan of 5-5-3. The Japanese at that time accepted this public declaration of inferiority with great reluctance and only because they felt they had to. They could not afford to continue the naval-building race then in progress between the United States and themselves. Moreover, they felt there were certain compensations for them in the Nine Power and Four Power treaties.

Since then, Japanese national spirit has been roused to a high pitch. The Mikado's subjects are no longer willing to be branded before the world as possessing an empire only 60 percent as great as that of America or England. With the years, they have also more than ever determined on a policy of "Asia for the Asiatics," which really means "Asia for Japan." Aside from Soviet Russia, the greatest threat to their plans is, they believe, action by the United States and Great Britain. Their naval experts tell them they have not much to fear from either the British or the American fleet operating alone in Asiatic waters. They have, however, a great deal to fear from a coalition of these two fleets, and such a coalition they believe is in the making if indeed it is not already accomplished. A fleet that outweighed Japan's by ten to three would be a formidable antagonist, especially if all its ships could use indiscriminately all British and American naval bases anywhere in the world.

The Japanese therefore made two proposals to the naval conference. They asked for theoretical

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a 5-5-5 ratio. At the same time they were prepared to give private assurances that Japan would not for a very long time attempt the task, which she can so ill afford, of building up to this equality. They also proposed the abolition or tremendous reduction of "offensive" types of naval vessels, such as big battleships and submarines. Acceptance of this offer would have made it impossible for Japan to carry out that raid against the California coast which causes William Randolph Hearst to start awake with terror in the night. It would also make it difficult, if not impossible, for the British and American fleets, even in combination, to go to war in the Western Pacific.

This proposal was rejected instantly and with vigor by the United States, rather more reluctantly by Great Britain. The British, who look back with some nostalgia on the Anglo-Japanese alliance, would have been glad to work out some sort of *modus vivendi* with Japan. They would probably have refused to abolish offensive types of armament in toto but they might have agreed to move some distance in this direction in exchange for a definite understanding by which the Japanese and British spheres of influence in China would be clearly delimited and mutually respected. British policy, however, is oriented just now on coöperation with the United States, and when we said "No," the British backed us up.

This situation is the more extraordinary when we realize that British commercial and financial interests in the Orient are tremendously greater than our own. Particularly is this true since the United States formally agreed to set the Philippines free and started the machinery by which this will be accomplished within another decade. If we consulted only our own material interest, the one sensible thing we could do would be to get out of the Orient and let the British and the Japanese settle their conflict as best they can.

There are two reasons why we do not do this. The first is that our government believes the Japanese are bluffing and that we can outbluff them. The Washington strategists propose to resume the building of naval bases in the Pacific, halted in 1921, and also to embark on a naval-building race so vast that the Japanese before long will be glad to come to terms. When they do, it is Washington's Pollyannaish hope that in a new conference, not only will the Japanese agree to continued inferiority of their navy, but will guarantee the Open Door for American trade and investment in China, Korea and Manchuria. We hardly need to point out that this gamble is a desperate one; that if the Japanese refuse to be intimidated, we shall have got ourselves into a serious mess. In that case, we trust that the diplomats will apologize to the surviving relatives of the American soldiers and sailors whose deaths they will have caused.

The second reason for our naval policy is that President Roosevelt is himself a big-navy man and has given unlimited encouragement to this faction [illegible] opinion. He believes just as thoroughly as any admiral in the policy of overwhelming strength at sea. He also believes in coöperation with the British in the Pacific area, and an understanding to this effect, however tentative and informal, is already in operation.

In other words, there are only two policies possible in relation to Japan: the threat of war, or the promise to keep our hands off. Japan has offered naval reduction and limitation based upon the second theory. Great Britain and the United States insist upon the former and will bankrupt themselves if necessary in order to carry it out. Every sign now points toward a war sooner or later in the Pacific area, a war to preserve rights in Asia that probably cannot be preserved in any case, rights that are of little importance or value to the American people as a whole, rights involving trade and investment whose worth, for a generation, would be counterbalanced by the cost of three months' conflict. From any common-sense point of view we are making one of the worst bargains in our national history, and are doing so in the almost complete absence of public consent, or even public discussion.

Sedition in the C.C.C.

THOUGH the size of the C.C.C. has lately been reduced, there are still more than 300,000 young men in its ranks. An elaborate educational scheme has been set up through which classes are conducted in a great variety of subjects in the camps. Some of these classes would seem to have got into a discussion of current problems of the day. The Social Studies, the journal of the National Council for the Social Studies, reprints the advice contained in a manual for C.C.C. instructors, recently issued by the United States Office of Education. Free of charge, we hasten to reprint:

> *How to Avoid Dangerous Issues.*—Discussion can reach a point where it may run into dangerous issues. This is particularly true in foreman training classes and with experienced groups. An instructor is not expected to sit as a judge and give decisions concerning arguments and policies. Should it be indicated that dangerous topics are being brought up for discussion in the class, the instructor should analyze the situation, and if it is considered unwise to deal with any given topic, lead the discussion away from the topic. One safe way is, of course, to stay away from dangerous topics. Recognize them early in the discussion, and switch the subject to something of greater interest to the group if possible.
>
> Another way is to promise to bring the dangerous issue up at some future time. This will make it possible for the instructor to secure additional information before discussing it, and it also sets up the possibility of the topic being forgotten. A story to switch the interests of the class is a clever device for changing the topic. Frankness and honesty will help, and if the case warrants it, the instructor should tell the class that the dangerous issue is not a part of the lesson, and should refuse to discuss it.

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This is certainly helpful; but we feel the Office of Education has overlooked a few good bets. In a spirit of sweet coöperation, we suggest:

> If a C.C.C. class asks, "How does it happen that so many people are hungry while surplus food is being destroyed?" let the instructor be prepared and immediately tell, not merely a story but a dirty one. This will take the boys' minds off the subject, and the story probably won't be any dirtier than a true answer to the question would be.
>
> If someone says, "Is it true that there is no unemployment in Soviet Russia?" let the instructor furtively take from his pocket a giant firecracker and light the fuse. He can then blame the subsequent explosion on the Reds and their false propaganda.
>
> Let the instructor learn to walk the tightrope, and always carry one with him. If one of the class asks: "Is this country going Right or Left?" let him reply, "Look, boys, what I can do," get up on his tightrope and stay there.

Do We Spend Enough on Armaments?

PRESIDENT Roosevelt, speaking at the West Point graduation exercises last June, observed that "on some occasions in our history we have reduced our army to a level unjustified by a due regard for our own safety. It was in the conviction that we had again drifted too far in that direction that I have recently approved acts of Congress to accomplish a partial restoration of the army's enlisted strength and increasing the enrolment of cadets in the United States Military Academy." This remark puzzled a great many people who were not aware that we had recently "drifted" in any such direction. Among them was Oswald Garrison Villard, who looked into the subject and reports his findings in the February issue of The Atlantic Monthly. Mr. Villard has drawn from official sources a group of interesting facts that may be summarized as follows:

> We are now spending about a billion dollars a year on the army and navy, including special appropriations from the P.W.A. This is nearly as much as it cost to fight the last and most expensive year of the Civil War and is about equal to the total cost of the federal government during the year in which we entered the World War.
>
> We now have two and a half times as many army officers as in 1915. They outnumber our officers and soldiers, combined, for any year between 1789 and 1861.
>
> The National Guard is twice as large as it was in 1900, and because of the huge federal expenditures, several hundred percent as efficient.
>
> The army, including the National Guard and reserve officers, is nearly four times as large as it was in 1898, more than twice as large as in 1913. Our annual expenditure on it has increased nearly 200 percent since 1916. Next year's increase is more than 200 percent.
>
> The Coast Guard has increased about 400 percent since 1915.
>
> Enlisted men in the navy have nearly doubled in number since 1915; naval officers have increased 200 percent. Including reserves, we have two and a half times as many men and are spending nearly three times as much money.
>
> The Marine Corps is about three times as large as in 1913. West Point has lately been increased by about one-half and Annapolis by about one-third.
>
> The number of colleges with Reserve Officers' Training Corps has increased seven times and the number of officers and men on duty in them has increased nineteen times. The number of citizens receiving training in summer camps has more than doubled.
>
> In all, we have 485,500 soldiers and sailors in service. If you include reserves with some training, the total is 695,400.

This does not seem to Mr. Villard like "drifting too far" toward unpreparedness, and we think our readers will agree with him. He is particularly concerned because he doubts whether we are getting value received for our billion dollars a year. He quotes several military experts, including high officers of the United States service, to the effect that our navy is appallingly inefficient; that our army should be four times as good as it is, considering what it costs; that West Point and Annapolis do not teach current techniques of warfare; that the army is terrifically handicapped because, for political reasons, it is scattered all over the country in 120 posts averaging only 700 men each. Mr. Villard believes that the real pressure for an increase in the American army does not come from persons who would defend us from foreign foes; he quotes military testimony to show how little likelihood there is of an invasion, aerial or otherwise. He believes that an important factor is the desire of frightened conservatives to protect the country from the imaginary danger of communist revolution. When the attempt was made to obtain verification of Mr. Villard's figures from government officials in Washington, the greatest difficulty was encountered. We can understand why.

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Heat and Light on Neutrality

AS USUALLY happens when any controversy arises, some participants in the debate over neutrality legislation have begun to call one another names. That relieves feelings, but does not help much.

Americans who want to make neutrality mandatory and to leave no loophole for discrimination between "good" and "bad" nations in Europe are called narrow-minded isolationists who know nothing about world relationships. They are classified with William Randolph Hearst, militarists and other jingoes. They simply don't understand the unity of world economy or appreciate the international mind. They are in fact country hicks who have never been to Europe or the Orient, and have a backwoods notion of foreign policy.

Americans on the other side are called names, too. They have fallen under alien influences. They are busybodies who run around the world, when they should stay at home, and try to involve their country in every racket that occurs in Geneva, London or Berlin. They cannot see that the American intervention in the World War made new wrongs for every one righted, left Europe filled with hatreds, saddled the country with debts, taxes and militarism. They can learn nothing and forget nothing. As meddlesome Nellies they should be suppressed.

Indulging in such criticisms illuminates no problems and adds nothing to knowledge. A better way to go about the business and one more in keeping with the facts in the case is to admit two things at the outset. The first is that probably knowledge, intelligence and good intentions are divided over this question with a fair degree of equality. The second is that neither side can be absolutely sure that its program will prevent war in Europe or keep the United States out of war if it comes. In other words, neither side has a monopoly on wisdom and both are guessing more or less, that is, calculating probabilities. This confession of fact is good for souls.

Between the parties to this contest there is an issue. It is not: Shall we love Europe? or, Was Europe a success? It is: How can this country avoid war?

Opponents of mandatory neutrality contend that if war comes in Europe the United States cannot stay out of it, and that the only way to avoid war is to throw the weight of the United States now and always on the side of peace as against the aggressor. This, in effect, means coöperating with the League of Nations in applying sanctions and if need be supporting them by arms. That is a very clear-cut position, and many thoughtful men and women whose affections are primarily centered upon the United

Now what have those to say who dissent from this program of balancing things in Europe and insist upon making neutrality wide and mandatory? They maintain, generally, that it is not always easy to determine who the aggressor is in any European quarrel. Nor is it easy to discover what the real motives are whenever some of the leading powers press for the adoption of collective sanctions against some alleged aggressor. Was Germany more of an aggressor in starting the World War than France, Serbia, Russia or Great Britain? With all due respect to Fay, Barnes, Renouvin and all the rest of the scholars who have searched, sifted, added and correlated diplomatic documents, it must honestly be said that it is impossible to fix the degree of responsibility to be attached to each of the several belligerents.

Despite all our knowledge of the events of 1914, despite all the documents, memoirs, confessions, claims, allegations and assertions, the problem of the aggressor remains unsolved, and in the nature of things will forever remain unsolved.

So it may be in the case of another outbreak in Europe. Events taking place behind the scenes will be closed to the American government and public as they were in 1914. Even if the League of Nations is induced to apply sanctions, the real reasons for the action, as distinguished from the good and alleged reasons, will be unknown—as unknown as the Hoare-Laval backstairs negotiations over Ethiopia, until news leaked out.

If the United States were a member of the League, there is no assurance that its representatives would always be correctly informed respecting the negotiations of other parties. There is some ground for suspecting that they would not be, or would not understand the information if received. Nobody can read the memoirs and papers of Robert Lansing, Walter Hines Page, Colonel House and Woodrow Wilson without seeing that their innocence relative to the realities of European diplomacy was almost perfect. Nor is there any ground for believing that the "political acrobats," as John Hay called them, sent by the Republican Party would be any better.

Ah, it will be answered, let us found schools of diplomacy and international relations and train our diplomats; let us send young men abroad for years to learn foreign ways. This also seems to me a form of innocence equal to that of Walter Hines Page. It shows an amazing confidence in academic discipline and foreign travel—a confidence I cannot share. It assumes that European diplomacy is a success, as illustrated by the plight of Europe, and can be learned by Americans in a few years of travel

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grow up in it; and, judging by the state of Europe, they are not always successful at that. In considering such matters it is inappropriate to love, hate or fear Europe. It is, however, fitting to suspect the limitations on our own power to divine Europe's history and diplomacy and also to suspect the perfection of Europe's system.

Unless we are convinced that we know enough to right Europe's wrongs, to distinguish between the good and the bad, and find out who the aggressor is in every case, then it would seem the better part of wisdom to be cautious in dealing with Europe at war. Neutrality, wide and mandatory, displays caution. This prevents the President and State Department from taking on the burden of separating the good from the evil, and making commitments likely to involve the country in war. It serves notice on all Americans who expect to profit from the war that the government will not allow it and will not underwrite paper profits after they are made. It keeps the power to make war in Congress, where it belongs under the Constitution, and of right.

Now no one can tell in advance just what effect such a policy might have on European affairs. Will it encourage Hitler to launch his war? Or will it drive European powers to more concerted efforts to keep the peace? If war breaks will the result be worse without American participation? How does one know about such things in advance? We do not know whether American participation in the World War was better or worse for Europe. For we do not know and never can know what the outcome would have been otherwise.

On the other hand we do know that the United States carries a dangerous burden as an outcome of the war: an enormous debt, a swollen naval and military machine, a billion a year in taxes for the army and navy, another billion for veterans, to say nothing of bonuses and all other things to come. Surely no one will claim that America is a better country to live in as a result of war.

It is a matter of calculating probabilities. We tried once to right European wrongs, to make the world safe for democracy. Even in the rosiest view the experiment was not a great success. Mandatory neutrality may be no better, for aught anyone actually knows.

But we nearly burnt our house down with one experiment; so it seems not wholly irrational to try another line. Perhaps we may forever stagger magnificently from blunder to disaster. But having once made a heroic effort to help settle Europe's affairs, without satisfactory results, we might do some good by giving European powers advance notice of just what they may expect when they launch another big war. By staying entirely out of it we shall not be loved any less than we are now, if love be the highest good. CHARLES A. BEARD.

Does Socialism Work?

II: *Materialism and Culture in the Soviet Union*

ONE COMMON type of opponent will condemn the Soviet Union because of the meagerness of its material comforts, or the inefficiency of its industry, and at the same time he will complain that socialism is a materialistic philosophy, ignoring the cultural and spiritual sides of life. As the Russians progress toward their goal of "catching up with and surpassing" the material culture of America, this critic protests that after all they worship merely bigness and quantity, overlooking the finer individual qualities. Or he may complain that the state has given up its presumed ideal of monastic equality—as if socialism required a vow of poverty!—and is becoming just as bourgeois as the United States. Let us see what light the present state of affairs throws on this charge. In order to do so we shall have to repeat a lot of information that ought by this time to be widely known in America, but apparently is not.

Increase of Things.—In its attitude toward material things, the contemporary Soviet mood is far removed from asceticism. In a previous article I have described the current degree of satisfaction of the elementary wants of food, clothing and shelter—a condition obviously subject to improvement, and being improved. But the material standards of life do not stop here. In spite of a rather general shortage of other consumers' goods, the slogan is that the workers should and eventually will enjoy every good thing that capitalist civilizations have learned how to produce. Even now one finds in the shops newly manufactured articles one might not have expected: for example, cheap and good perfumes, cosmetics and manicure sets (women in the cities, even those doing manual labor, often have finely manicured nails in their leisure hours), watches and jewelry, cameras (there is an excellent Soviet version of the Leica), phonographs and radios, musical instruments, fishing rods and tennis rackets. Few individuals yet own automobiles, but it is a common ambition to do so, which industry hopes to satisfy. "When we can afford a car, we shall have a house in the country and keep a dog," said a young woman, the wife of a doctor, who was talking of the zoo and her love for animals. So far, the money wages of the average worker or peasant are not high enough to permit much indulgence even in

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small luxuries, but this is not the consequence of any belief in enforced poverty.

Nevertheless, one of the most striking aspects of Russia to one who has filled his mind with five-year plans and industrial growth and statistics of production is the immense emphasis laid on the cultural aspects of life—an emphasis which seems out of all proportion to the still modest achievements in production of material things for the consumer.

The Theatre.—The Russians' theatre is as far ahead of ours as our plumbing is ahead of theirs. Nowhere else in the world can one find a peer of the Leningrad ballet; the magnificent imagination and originality of the décor and costumes, the loving care devoted to every detail of the production, the excellence of the dancing and pantomime, are beyond praise. Of course this is the lineal descendant of the Imperial ballet. But it is significant that it has been preserved and is cherished today in spite of all the intervening physical hardships. Other cities of importance have their own ballet companies and theatres, where people go to see a whole evening of dancing. Both classics and new productions are presented; on the whole, the audiences seem to prefer the classics, being especially fond of fairy tales.

Opera and symphonic music are also omnipresent and popular. But, outside of the ballet, most attention is lavished on the drama. Moscow, I should guess, has more plays in production than there are in New York at the height of the season. Every performance is "legitimate"; nothing vulgar or obviously incompetent is to be seen. The level of acting and directing is so high that one hesitates to trust one's judgment about the plays; most of these people, it seems, could put anything across the footlights. There is a great variation in style and a lot of experimentation with new ideas. While we were there, one play was being given at the same time by two theatres with utterly different methods of presentation.

Good playhouses and companies exist in all the provincial cities; collective farms and factories frequently have their own theatres. There is an interchange during the summer season; the Moscow companies go to the provinces and the provincial companies go to Moscow. Some of the latter, for example that at Tiflis, are said to be among the best in the nation.

Most of these theatres are not subsidized by the state, but are self-sustaining. It is easy to see how this can be. Every seat for every performance is filled. A large part of the house is reserved for specific factories and unions. You will often see a brass plate on the chair, as in the Metropolitan Opera House, reading *Udarnik* (Distinguished Worker) of such and such a tractor plant. The best workers receive theatre seats as rewards, but most workers have a chance to go two or three times a year. It is a rare privilege, not to be abused; the audience demands something from the performer. You are out of luck if you want to leave early, since even the bus or taxi-driver who takes you is likely to attend.

Some plays are classics; others are by Soviet authors. The latter are not raw propaganda, though all have social implications—not always entirely favorable to what is going on. Some contain excellent comedy. Movies, of course, are shown everywhere, as in the United States; some of the pictures, as we know, are magnificent, though the average is not so high.

Books.—American publishers and authors are amazed by the sale of books in the Soviet Union. There appear to be more and better bookstores per thousand population than in this country. A first edition of a book for general circulation that does not exceed 50,000 copies is rare. The best known poets begin at that figure; novels have immense sales. The first printing of a highly specialized technical book may be as small as 10,000. Everybody reads; everybody is eager to learn. Discussion of literature, science, discovery, is a popular pastime. Children's books are in great demand. The Soviet book market is not cluttered with trash, written and published only because someone is trying to make a living at it. Nor is it competitive with magazines issued in the interest of advertisers, like The Saturday Evening Post. The prices of the books are, in our eyes, very low. Newspapers, of which there are several thousand, have immense circulations.

Though forests are more abundant than in any other nation and pulpwood is practically unlimited, the Soviet paper industry has been unable to keep up with the demand. Shortage of paper is still serious. Faced with a choice between devoting more pulp to literature and more to toilet tissue, the authorities unhesitatingly chose the former, apparently on the ground that it could do double duty, as tourists until recently have discovered. This may be materialism, but it is certainly not the American brand. (There is a compensating luxury in the absence of paper towels.)

Russian and foreign classics are issued, as well as new Soviet productions. Public libraries for the general citizen, for factories and unions, for universities and institutes, and for children, are carefully administered.

Painting.—Good art museums may be found in the Soviet Union as elsewhere in Europe; the best collection of modern French painters—Cézanne, Gauguin, Picasso and Matisse—that exists anywhere is in Moscow. The museums are crowded with workers, students, children, usually in the company of a guide who interprets the pictures. There is an immense amount of contemporary painting, not only by professionals, but by amateurs. Almost every social institution has its own art show, whether it is a school or a criminals' village. In the Maxim

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peasants' paintings, flanked by a notice that an instructor in painting would be available at certain hours for consultation by anyone interested.

On the Black Sea boat, the loudspeaker announced that at the next stop, where we should stay several hours, there was a museum containing the work of a noted marine painter, which would be kept open for the convenience of travelers. Virtually the whole body of passengers—Soviet citizens returning from or going on vacation—trooped on shore and walked two miles to the museum. Incidentally, the painter was not good.

There is a feeling among the cognoscenti that Russian art, since the days of the primitive ikons, has been too literary. Soviet painters, trying to express the spirit of their time with the new school of "proletarian realism," are still floundering. Certainly nothing could be more dreadful than many of the omnipresent portraits of Lenin, Stalin and other political celebrities. Sculpture of these heroes was also pretty forbidding for a time, though a few recent statues show distinct improvement. On the other hand, the exhibition of painting by the convicts at Bolshevo would bear comparison with many an Academy show in this country.

Leisure.—How can a country with so few of the comforts of life, and one so desirous of rapid increase in production, afford so much leisure? Factories have a seven-hour day (though they often work two or three shifts) and every sixth day is completely free. Industrial workers all get a month's vacation with pay. Workers in dangerous or especially nerve-tiring occupations receive six weeks or two months. White-collar workers with routine jobs get two weeks. Trains and boats are crowded with vacationists. Collectivized peasants have an average eight-hour day, working longer in busy seasons and less when there is less to be done.

Soviet citizens demand leisure, just as they demand other precious values of life like literature and the theatre, even at a low stage of industrial productivity. Things mean much to them, but not so much as to necessitate the sacrifice of the individual life in long hours of labor. This has not applied to those in responsible positions, however, some of whom have almost literally worked themselves to death.

In the use of Soviet leisure there is great variety. Some go to the amusement parks, where you can jump off a tower in a parachute, ride on a "witching waves," listen to a lecture by a biologist or an astronomer, take a book from the library and read it in the woods, go swimming, play tennis, skate and ski in winter, or learn how to do the fox trot or the tango. Some go to the country for walks, picnics, or fishing. Some study English or painting or engineering or scientific agriculture in the many institutions provided for popular education. Some work on committees of unions administering social insurance or doing the thousand-and-one odd jobs of a socialist society. Some serve as shock-workers in providing a public improvement—like the workers in Kharkov, who came out *en masse* after factory hours and paved the road to the new industrial district so that when the plants were finished they might have smooth transit. To do something to improve the community—either directly or through adding to one's own knowledge and efficiency—is one of the dominating motives in leisure hours. But this is not interpreted in a narrow way, because the common life is supposed to include everything of human value.

Security.—One of the first things established by the Soviet system—even when supplies of food and housing were lacking—was social security. A system of social insurance far more extensive than that which private industry in the United States now says it cannot afford was provided when living conditions in Russia were much worse than at present. Old-age pensions, free medical and dental treatment, not as charity but as the normal right of every citizen, free hospitalization, sanitariums for those who need them, rest homes for vacationists (institutions which now line the shore of the Black Sea, formerly a Riviera for the nobility), six weeks or more for pregnant mothers in industry before the birth of the child and a similar period afterwards, free crèches and kindergartens attached to every factory, collective farm, amusement park, railroad station and other institutions where mothers of young children may need them—such things are commonplaces.

Expansion and improvement of these social services is just as rapid as expansion and improvement of industry; it is regarded as one of the main duties of society. Like industry, such institutions are magnificent in conception, but leave room for much improvement in execution. The best of the kind in other countries are probably better administered in many respects than those in Russia. But the battle for public health and sanitation, for hygienic habits, is fought with determination and on the broadest possible front.

Children and Homes.—This materialistic civilization loves children above everything else, and lavishes attention on them. They have, literally, the best of everything. During the periods of food shortage they received special protection. Free education, of course, is universal. Students in scientific institutes and universities are paid salaries, just as if they were workers; therefore nobody is too poor to let his son or daughter go to college. There is a job waiting for every graduate of school or college, no matter what his special competence. Naturally, most interest has been stimulated in those professions, like engineering, in which the need of expansion is greatest.

There are, in the leading cities, special children's theatres. There is a children's art institute in Moscow, which educates for performance and appreciation

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dancing and esthetic handicrafts. The new Palace of Children in Kharkov is one of the marvels of the world—an immense building in the very center of the city, formerly occupied by the Ukrainian government, now devoted entirely to the amusement and voluntary education of children outside of school hours. It is crammed with game rooms, laboratories, music rooms, machine shops, library, even a children's broadcasting station. Children's authors are among the best known and highest paid in the Soviet Union. I asked an official why the ablest writers are encouraged to write for children. He looked at me with surprise. "We have to provide the best possible culture for the children," he replied, as if stating an axiom, "because in their hands lies our future."

No legal or other stigma is attached to illegitimacy, but the unmarried or divorced father of a child is compelled by law to contribute to its support. While marriage and divorce are legally simple, Communist ethics does not look with favor upon marriages light-heartedly undertaken or abandoned. If two people simply want to have sexual relations, that is their own business, but if they have children, that is society's. Family life and parental responsibility are being emphasized, and divorce is being discouraged, on account of the children. There is no likelihood, however, that the Soviet Union will go back to our absurd divorce laws. Communists say simply that their law, under which a divorce can be had for the asking, is a good one, but that it is not adapted to persons not yet educated to refrain from abusing their freedom. Therefore a temporary backward step must be taken.

Liberty.—At this point someone will arise and ask what all these things are worth as long as the Soviet citizen does not have freedom. Well, liberty is a large and usually undefined concept, often employed to inhibit common sense, as the American Liberty League has taught us. If you were to ask the average inhabitant of the Soviet Union how he endures the absence of liberty, he would probably look at you in bewilderment. Our judgment was that he is one of the most spontaneous persons in the world. He is likely to say anything that pops into his head. He is not continually looking over his shoulder to see if a member of the G.P.U. is following him. Like citizens of other countries, he must obey the law, but he is more free to do most of the things he wants to do than were previous generations. New opportunities and privileges are opening up on every side. Freedom means not mere absence of restraint, but a chance to live and enjoy life, and to be significant.

"Constructive self-criticism" is a phrase that one hears every day. It is not merely the right but the duty of every citizen to criticize what he doesn't like. One hears this criticism frequently; one reads it in the press. Hostile criticism from enemies of the state or from political suspects is, of course, officials can criticize. Criticism from the humblest worker receives careful attention, is actually encouraged. Without continual discussion and check of this kind, the frequent changes and developments of policy would be difficult. The government has its ear close to the ground. Soviet society does not behave like a dead and rigid dictatorship of one man, or even of an official class.

We were standing in the rod department of the new steel mill, Zaporozhstahl, in the new city built near the great Dnieper power plant. The white-hot billets were, one by one, being ground through a succession of mills, growing longer and more slender until they came hissing out like fiery snakes. The crew, with their long iron tongs, were seizing the metal as it came through one mill, to turn and feed it into the next.

Suddenly the leader yelled something. "He wants to talk to you," said our interpreter. Soon the crew was relieved by another, and crowded around us in a semicircle. It was explained that we were American visitors. Questions came thick and fast. "How well do American workers live?" "Not so badly, as long as they have jobs." "Are there many without jobs?" "Between ten and fifteen millions." This made a sensation. "How can that be? We thought America was a rich country." I explained, as best I could. "Are the American workers revolutionary?" "Some are, but most of them are not." Again surprise. "Why don't they come over here? We need four or five good men right in this department." I shouted non-committally that that might be a good idea. "Perhaps the papers don't tell them the truth about us. Do they?" "Some do, but there is a big newspaper owner called Hearst who says you are starving." Uproarious laughter. "I have a family of five; I get 400 rubles a month and do very well," volunteered one. Others recounted their situations. "Do they know we get our pay and free medical treatment if we are injured?" "Do they know we get a month's vacation with pay?" "Do they know we have low rents and cheap food from the factory kitchen?" "Do they know we have our own unions and that our committees help run the mill?" And so on, until we moved away.

Later, sitting in the factory restaurant and drinking citron with a group of technicians, we were asked embarrassing questions about the treatment of Negroes in America, questions prompted by reports they had received in letters from fellow workers who were in this country learning new processes. They could hardly credit these restrictions on liberty. On another occasion, on a collective farm, after we had asked all the questions we could think of, the committee turned the tables by asking about landless farmers in this country, what happened to farm laborers or poor farmers when they tried to organize, and whether American peasants could send their children to college. "We get lots of visits from scientists, professors and writers," they said, "but why don't American peasants ever come

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A worker asked us how Americans liked Soviet movies. We said they didn't see many, but some were highly appreciated. "Which ones?" "Oh, 'Chapeyev,' 'Ten Days That Shook the World,' 'Potemkin.'" "No, that isn't what I mean. Do they like the ones that have political theses, or the ones that deal with more human problems?" "I think they would prefer the latter." "That's right, so do we."

I cannot write about the Soviet restrictions on liberty on the basis of personal experience or observation. We did not see any or hear of any while we were there, except, of course, the obvious ones that are the converse of the freedom of workers and collectivized peasants; that is, the disallowance of private ownership in the means of production or of private landlordism in agriculture.

I have read about the revolutionary terror, the expropriation of hapless business men and kulaks, the shootings and exiles. I know about the one-party system, and the reported persecution of individuals not merely for suspected counter-revolution but even for deviation. While the G.P.U. (now officially called the Department of Home Affairs) still has the right to arrest, try and condemn secretly for political crimes, the maximum penalty it can legally impose is not death, but ten years. Apparently it devotes most of its attention, not to the man the street, but to members of the Communist Party or strictly political suspects. Since the Kirov assassination, official nerves have been jumpy. I saw a play depicting life in one of the G.P.U. labor camps, a very popular play full of rowdy laughter, called "The Aristocrats," the theme of which is that the G.P.U. tries to convert the convicts from sneak-thief and sabotaging engineer into good and honored citizens, and often succeeds. How true to the facts this play is I don't know, but it is interesting that it is the acclaimed ideal.

I did attend a public criminal trial, in which the suspects were being charged with representing the product of their coöperative as first-grade boots, when really they were second-grade boots. Of course people in the United States have the liberty to do that with impunity.

One should not take this great question of liberty lightly; there is much to be said about it that is out of place here. But it would be a theoretical discussion, not based on observation. What I can say, as a partially informed tourist, is that we saw no indication whatever that the Russian masses, who had made the revolution, felt any lack of freedom, or were governed by fear. This judgment was confirmed by friends who can speak Russian and know the people better.

GEORGE SOULE.

This is the second of a series of three articles on the Soviet Union. The third will appear in an early issue.—THE EDITORS.

The Trial of Haywood Patterson

FOR TWENTY hours it looked as if the defense had won an important victory in the decision awarded Haywood Patterson, always the first of the Negro defendants to be tried in the Scottsboro case. The impossible had been achieved: a verdict other than death for a Negro charged with the rape of a white woman, from a jury of Morgan County farmers. It meant that some doubt as to the guilt of the defendants had seeped into the minds of the backwoods jury of farmers, despite the appeals to passion and prejudice made by every member of the prosecution and by Judge Callahan.

The feeling of relief lasted only a short time. When Ozie Powell, a Negro defendant, slashed the throat of Ed Blalock, a white deputy sheriff, he damaged the chances of all the boys. It doesn't matter how much provocation he had, and there seems to have been plenty; a nigger attacked a white man with a knife, and no Alabama jury will ever be allowed to forget it.

The first thing one noticed on entering the Decatur courthouse this year was the improvement in the appearance of the spectators. Respectable-looking suits had replaced the tattered overalls that were worn during the previous trials here. The T.V.A. had undoubtedly improved the economic condition of all the people in the section, and there were fewer indications of filth and degradation than there had been in the past. The feeling in the courtroom was less tense than before; the people were convinced there would be no monkey-business from the defense under Judge Callahan's eagle eye. Conviction and death were certain, therefore the need for any anxiety vanished.

Judge William Washington Callahan enjoys a reputation for scrupulous honesty in the community. He is an impetuous, biased old man, fair according to his lights. He has the typical Southern attitude about Negroes: an inferior race toward whom good white folk must feel a sense of responsibility. He seems to be firmly convinced of the defendants' guilt and never hesitates to betray his feelings in the courtroom. Accusations have been made that his treatment of them is a direct result of political pressure applied by the prosecutor, Lieutenant-Governor Thomas Knight, but the more likely explanation is that his point of view is such that no pressure from any source is needed.

To the outsiders Callahan's behavior in court

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seemed unbelievable. He did not hesitate to belittle the evidence of the defense, making slighting remarks about witnesses, excluding testimony as to the character of the complainant, Victoria Price, and continually badgering the lawyers. His attitude was in every way that of the community, and for that reason it was better for the world to see him as Judge than James E. Horton, whose fairness and integrity were in no way typical either of his class or surroundings. It is before Callahans that minority groups in the South must appear.

The case against the eight Negro defendants accused of raping Victoria Price in broad daylight on an open freight car has never been so flimsy as it was in this trial. For the first time her statement, "I was raped," was unsupported by any other witness or evidence. The state's only "eye-witness," Orville Gilley, was not called to testify; it seems that he had been arrested and convicted the week before in a Tennessee court for assaulting and robbing two women. Nor did the prosecution summon the Scottsboro doctor who had examined both Victoria Price and Ruby Bates within an hour and a half after the supposed attack. He had contradicted Victoria in practically every detail in previous trials: found her pulse and temperature normal, no blood on her body, no bruises, and three slight scratches on her wrist and back which he presumed to have come from the normal hazards of hopping freights.

To bolster up his crumbling case, Thomas E. Knight introduced a surprise witness, Obie Golden, night guard at Kilby Prison. Golden testified that Patterson had made an oral confession to him in jail one evening, he couldn't remember exactly which, in November, 1934. Although the warden was not far away, Golden did not think Patterson's admission of guilt important enough either to call his superior or have the prisoner put his statement in writing. The guard was a shifty witness at best, reminding one too much of Victoria Price in his general manner.

The defendants' case was handled more skillfully than at any of the former trials. The new united-front Scottsboro Defense Committee had been able to obtain an excellent lawyer from a town only a few miles from Decatur. Although Clarence Watts has a reputation for courage and integrity, few of his neighbors ever believed he had the audacity to risk his livelihood and career in a case so unpopular as this. Watts, however, took the case because he believed the defendants not only guiltless but framed. He said as much in his summation.

There has been fear expressed in certain Northern quarters that a Southern lawyer would make concessions to local prejudice that would hurt the case on appeal. Actually, Watts was more straightforward and uncompromising than Leibowitz had been. He is an upper-class Southerner with distinct feelings on the color question, yet he refused to slander the defendants or their race in his appeal to the jury. He made one statement in court that no Northerner would have dared make: that when white groups and Negroes engage in fights it is invariably the whites that attack. Instead of appealing to their emotions, as did the prosecution, and as Leibowitz had done in past trials, he attempted to reason with each individually.

The Southern press has been loud and insistent in its demands that Northern groups surrender their defense of the eight Negroes to respectable Southern attorneys, who would handle the case in approved regional fashion. Offers have already been made of light sentences if only the defendants will plead guilty and throw themselves on the mercy of the court. Even the respectable element is beginning to realize the transparency of the state's case and wishes to be rid of it once and for all.

Public indignation has had no effect upon the prosecution. Tom Knight, who has become Lieutenant-Governor of the state on the strength of his work as prosecutor in the previous trials, has changed none of his tactics. Lip service was rendered the Supreme Court by placing twelve Negroes on the jury panel, then rejecting all those eligible for the jury.

Knight was so sure of the result that, superficially at least, he was less impetuous than before. But Melvin Hutson, the new Solicitor for Morgan County, outdid himself when the opportunity arose. After badgering Patterson unmercifully, he received his great opportunity in the first of the state's summations. He pleaded for the death sentence lest "the white women of this glorious state have to arm themselves with six-shooters around their middles in order to protect the sacred parts of their bodies."

Powerful groups in the state are worried about the effect this case may have on the Negro population. In Decatur, for example, the Negro community has dared to retaliate against a juror who found Patterson guilty in the trial under Judge Horton. Eugene Bailey was once a collector for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. After the verdict no Negro would allow him to enter into his house, and the result was that the Metropolitan had to drop Bailey from its payroll.

It is difficult for Northerners to believe that the verdict of seventy-five years represented any kind of victory for the defense. But when one realizes that the state in its plea never suggested an alternative for the death penalty, although Alabama law permits of a sentence ranging upwards from ten years, and that the Judge broadly hinted as to the necessity of the extreme penalty, the compromise becomes all the more remarkable. Knight and his associates were visibly stunned by the jury's decision. But the fact that hits you between the eyes is that these Scottsboro boys have had the benefit of expert legal defense, pitiless publicity and the confidence of a large part of the civilized world, and that they have been unable to obtain the most elementary justice.

Scottsboro, Ala. JOHN HAMMOND JR.

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Breakfast Dance, in Harlem

THE PLACE is uptown, up the one and only Lenox Avenue, and you can dance from nine o'clock Saturday evening right through to eight o'clock Sunday morning. The breakfast dance, and swing it, men. On most nights, even most Saturday nights, there are two bands and the show is over at two or three. But tonight, one night out of every few weeks, breakfast is the limit, there are four bands in all and in short they will be able to serve it up as long as you can take it. If not longer.

It is a respectable place too. No barrelhouse, no basement creep-joint. A ballroom, in fact. Inside, up the wide flight of stairs after you have put up your seventy-five cents, the manager is nice enough and the people are nice enough, and there is no trouble. The long crowded bar at one end of the table space sells only beer (ten cents) and California wine (twenty cents a glass, out of gallon jugs). Some bring their own bottles of hard, but these can weave into the Gents, all in good time, and take care of whatever gets too much for them. There are two Gents, side by side. No trouble.

It is twelve o'clock and you can still get on the floor. The rain. The manager is very sad that people can still get on his floor. There should be more of a jam than on Ladies' Nights; but it drizzles badly and there is not more of a jam.

The hall must be seventy-five yards long by twenty-five wide, the ceiling and lights are low. In the few seconds between numbers, or in the minute when one band takes over from another, the place is rich with babble, with "You saids" and "How come womans" and "Ain't that it thoughs." And when the band gets pretty well into it, the whole enclosure, with all its people, beats like a drum and rises in steady time, like a ground swell.

Impossible to see everything at once. The bands; the people drinking, or half-asleep at tables over their beer, or promoting their private bit of business, slapstick, romance; the musicians off duty, making horseplay or eating part of their supper with a sort of genial and quiet boisterousness. "Doggone," says the one they call Choo, sitting like a fourposter, one of the first artists in this country on the tenor saxophone, "Doggone, ain't no meat here *at* all. What that man mean, dishing me out this for charmaine?" Choo says, shoveling it in. And the dance floor is a hopeless intricate mass of flying ankles, swirls, stomps—really beautiful dancing. As dancing, superb. Everybody immensely busy, sweating, full of spirits. Here today and here tomorrow too.

It is a strange sort of atmosphere. You cannot see everything at once but you can feel everything at once, a sort of unifying outflow of energy, you can almost see it burn. Its focal point is around the stand of rough and well splintered wood, where the lights are and the music stands, and the bass drum spiked to the floor and the stringbass fixed in a socket and the big pianos with the keyboards worn like flights of old wooden stairs.

The single stand, for the two bands, is about sixty feet long, and narrow, down one side of the hall. It is the center of most of the light, but still dim enough. The wall behind it is painted into an extravagant blue background, and by means of trick spotlights thin clouds seem to be drawn across it perpetually, giving the effect of motion and smoke, and the bands play under that, dominating the hall and bearing down on it, inexorable, all steam and iron, like freight trains.

On the floor and at the tables and along the bar there are all the people, hundreds of them (fifteen-sixteen hundred on a capacity night maybe); and off toward one corner there is a row of hostesses, two bits for three dances; and there are rose-colored lights let into the ceiling and things going on everywhere. But the real life of the hall is over here on the stand, where the boys are lined up in two rows, stomping away and sweating their brass horns till the floor shakes, where the great moon of the sousaphone bell shines down on the dancers and the beat of guitar-piano-stringbass-drum nails all this lavish and terrific energy down to the simple restraints of a time signature. And when Teddy Hill's men begin swinging the last choruses of the specialty number "Cristopher Colombo," with those driving brass figures and the reed section going down to give it body, the dancers forget dancing and flock around the stand ten deep, to register the time merely with their bones and muscles, standing there in one place with their heads back and letting it flow over them like water—invitation (and the waltz be damned) to blow the man down. The floor shakes and the place is a dynamo room, with the smoky air pushing up in steady waves, and swing it, men, get off, beat it out and in a word play that thing. It's a music deaf men could hear.

The spirit belongs as much to the place as to any particular music makers. Because this hall has something to it. Shadows maybe. The rafters have echoes of Fletcher Henderson's great swing band, and of Louis (the Reverend Satchelmouth) Armstrong, roaring through his fantastic horn, and of Mr. Ellington, the Duke, the Great Dusky, and of Cab Calloway, leading crazy man, who got his start here, of McKinney's Cotton Pickers and the Chocolate Dandies—and who not. Name a band, the manager says, you just go ahead name a band which I can tell you personally that band played here, including Paul Whiteman. There is something in the air here, a demand to be given something on the part of the people, that shapes matters, so that when a group needs to get really together and tightened up, this is where it books in.

But the spirit of all this is not just an urge to flash-bang-blare and shiver the windows. There are shrewdness and loving care going into this, and many subtleties. Not the usual fuss and gargle about art and the artist's line on warnfascism. Just so many of the boys, apparently playing a job, play-

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ing a date, making a record for Victor, a tune for the networks or the dancers—talking about it among themselves with a peculiar reserve and modest dignity. Some of them, the best of them, burn themselves up to keep it strong and unspoiled, finely marked with the obscure beauty of their invention. The best of them would not be Lombardos, Duchins, Vallees, Reismans, even if they had the showmanship, brute luck and gall to do it. Here somehow a good tenor man can make a tone pattern that will have a dancing strength and freshness, the only one of its kind because it is made directly from his own command of an instrument, his own exuberance and sadness. Anything outside of this stern, continually inventive tradition (also to be found, shall we say, in Bach) and above all anything without this drive peculiar to the form, may be effective, tricky, may pay well. But it will be fake. It will lack the element of creation, and be fake. "Some of these tenor men," Choo says, off the stand again, "I see they go copying off Hawkins and them. Shuck. A man never get playing it really good till he putten something into it, you think? A man don't watch out, all he putten in is spit. I don't know, shuck. I work really hard trying blow it out clean, like I can be proud of it, but a man playing around every night—shuck, I don't know. . . . "

Having expressed it without saying it, or anything really, Choo breaks off in embarrassment. "Doggone this man," he says, "about this here no-good charmaine. If I eaten any meat here tonight I'll—"

But this part of it does not bother you at the time. It is three four five o'clock and nobody seems to know it. More people are asleep at the tables, fewer people are on the floor; but otherwise there is this same hot stuffy genial air, this same squandering of energy under the dim lights. Teddy Hill's boys have hung around a while, their spot having been taken over for the night, and dispersed in pairs and groups gradually, after observing the other man's music. And the dominant spirit of rhythm in the place is now Chick Webb, the old timer, the little hunchback who sits bolstered up before his set of very elegant white traps, beating at them with a fierce tremendous love of the thing that sends a whole band, and gives the beat to the floor, which still shakes.

But this is Harlem. Down the stairs and outside, where the music is only a throb in the air, it is morning and already light enough to see that this is Harlem, a community. There are only a few people about—several coming out of the hall, carousing off to breakfast from the breakfast dance, several who have not been in the hall.

"Say Mac, how about a cigarette now," one of these latter says to me, stepping up as though he'd buy up the block in another minute, if the mood took him. "Guess I'd light up now, if you got a spare." He hasn't any matches either. "Well how is it up there?" he says. "Pretty crowded up there? Can't get on the damn floor I bet."

"It's pretty good—plenty of room though," I say.

"Pretty crowded though, ain't it? I figured you couldn't get on the floor, you know."

"Well, there's some there but there's plenty of room."

"Is that so? I figured it would be too crowded."

"Well say now," he says. He has made the touch for a smoke with no trouble. "You wouldn't be having a dime now, extra, I suppose? Just so's I can—well say Mac, thank *you*—so's I can get me some coffee. Funny about that. I figured it'd be too crowded up there, a guy couldn't get on the floor, you know?"

His line by now is obvious. The loud front, the wistfulness and poor pride behind it, the place not to his classy liking. He finishes the touch for the dime and waves me on my way regally. I'm to come look him up some time. Knows everybody up there. Sure. Come up some night, just mention his name. Fix me up with some nice girls too, sure.

The cuffs of his frayed cheap trousers walk jauntily off up the Avenue past rubbish and newspapers, dusty and rustling in the early morning, and off down a sidestreet of gray poor doorways, empty stores, pinched tenements. And it is not possible now to overlook where a breakfast dance ends and where it came from—the rags and mean tatters of Harlem, an American community bled dry. The thump of Chick Webb's drum is fainter in the open air, but to listen to the fine terrific beat of jazz from here is to recognize all at once another element, always present in the music but usually below its surface, most vivid in the blues (*I woke up this mornin', I had to pawn my shoes*). There is a gay abandon and all that, up the one and only Lenox Avenue; there are lights and people carrying on and what not. To be sure. And that is about the half of it. It is out of the lives of the people here that the music comes, and so if you will stand here you may suddenly feel it, the whole of it with undertones and overtones, its abandon and bitter sorrow.

OTIS FERGUSON.

This Freedom

The emptiness of self is great to bear;
The lonely joy, the solitary grief
Drive men with inarticulate despair
Into a wild-eyed searching for relief.
Mother, take back your child into the womb,
Universe, take the soul that mutely tries
To pass down through the necessary tomb,
And thence to be at unity with your skies,
Each singing forest and each quiet lake;
To be forever more an unseen glow
At the utmost core, at rest and unawake,
No individual destiny to know.
Go, searching man, so frail and valorous,
So easily wrecked like some thin craft at sea,
Down into the womb, down into the tomb, and thus
To the blessed dark that soothes eternally.

HELENE MULLINS.

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Washington Notes

Mr. Kirby of the Dixie Democrats—Who's Afraid of Talmadge?—Al Smith Dispenses Gloom —Dodging the Constitutional Issue

GOVERNOR Talmadge's anti-Roosevelt meeting last week at Macon, Georgia, seems to have been a curious mixture of winter picnic and sinister political maneuvering. Its relatively innocent side was represented by the elderly John Henry Kirby of Houston, Texas, head of the Southern Committee to Save the Constitution, or Dixie Democrats. Texans in Washington, who have known Mr. Kirby since childhood, describe him as a minor empire-builder. He is familiarly called "Governor," chiefly as a tribute to his authoritative manner. Until recently the richest man in his part of Texas, Kirby owns, or has owned, immense lumber properties, as well as railroads, banks, office buildings and oil wells.

It is a common failing of the empire-builder to confuse the advancement of his own fortunes with the national well-being, and this, according to acquaintances, is conspicuously the case with Kirby. When, during the post-war period, his lumber enterprises were faced with foreign competition, he undertook to organize a Southern movement for higher tariffs. Where tariff-lobbyists are usually secretive in their methods, he unblushingly announced his movement as a great patriotic crusade.

Following the 1929 crash, Mr. Kirby became involved in a number of law suits, into the complexities of which he plunged with characteristic vigor. One, concerning railroad properties, went against him in the federal courts. By then Kirby had become an authority on constitutional law, and he considered the decision indefensible. At once he set about forming his committee for the rescue of the Constitution.

If Kirby can be regarded as indulging in an oversized whim, the motives of his chief associate, Vance Muse, are less evident. Mr. Muse is an experienced hand at political warfare, and is reported to have led movements in Texas for prohibition repeal, and later for the sales tax. The sales tax was supported by Texas utility interests, and Muse is supposed to have come into contact with nationally important lobbying groups.

The motives of Governor Talmadge, of the red, snapping suspenders, are likewise unclear. However, Democrats here believe that they can be partially explained on the simple ground of a country boy's love for big-city lights. Mr. Talmadge has made a half-dozen trips to New York and Washington, where—solely because of his attacks on Mr. Roosevelt—he has attracted only slightly less notice than a movie star. Talmadge has rural shrewdness but little worldly wisdom, and the booming flashlights and excited crowds have apparently pleased him.

In his criticism of the Roosevelt program, Talmadge has necessarily played the game of the cotton mills and power companies. Administration spokesmen try publicly to give the impression that Talmadge is the secret agent of dark, predatory interests. Privately, however, they doubt whether this is so, entirely on the ground that he has not yet established his potential usefulness sufficiently to warrant big-money backing.

Last October, about the time he began suit to overthrow the Bankhead Act, Talmadge was regarded by the administration with alarm. It was not until one of the Democratic National Committee's elaborate under-cover polls had been taken in Georgia, and it had been found that Mr. Roosevelt led Talmadge by about three to one, that the administration breathed freely. The pro-Roosevelt Georgia Democrats are now trying to goad Talmadge into holding a state presidential primary. If he agrees, they are confident of beating him. If he refuses, and attempts to lead a hand-picked delegation of his own to the Philadelphia convention, they will choose a rival, pro-Roosevelt group, and confront him before the convention's credentials committee, controlled by the Roosevelt forces.

A very different attitude is being taken towards the defection of Al Smith. The more his threat "to take a walk" is reflected upon, the more gloomily it is regarded in its probable influence on the New York City political situation. Mr. Smith's speech at the Liberty League dinner, with its reference to Moscow, is considered downright silly, and its effect, except in New York, is not feared. The likelihood of New York Democrats "taking a walk" on election day, however, is terrifying.

As a result of a long, nagging series of incidents, the relations between Mr. Farley and Mr. James J. Dooling, leader of Tammany Hall, are now as bad as possible. Mr. Smith, although not overfriendly to Mr. Dooling, is venerated by many Tammany workers, and his present open rebellion probably makes any healing of the Farley-Dooling quarrel impossible. It is not considered remotely possible that either Smith or Tammany will bolt the party. But Tammany will go to the polls, in its own expression, "holding its nose." In the election of 1928, when Smith himself was defeated in New York, Mr. Roosevelt, then running for Governor, squeaked through with a plurality of 25,564 out of 4,306,000 votes cast. If this year's election is equally close, the difference between Tammany's loyally working for Roosevelt and "holding its nose" would make the difference between carrying the state and losing it.

It is possible that the condemnation of the Supreme Court by the United Mine Workers at its convention here last week may turn out to be one of the most significant acts in New Deal history. Certainly it was the strongest indictment of the impartiality of the Court yet to come from an important group of organized workers. There is still no indication that the administration desires to make the Court a campaign issue. At present, the chief wish of the Democratic strategists seems to be to ride to victory on the burst of business activity that is likely to precede and accompany the cashing of the soldiers' bonus in June. The memory of the elder Roosevelt is still green among politicians here, and it is vividly recalled that judicial reform did more to defeat him in 1912 than any one other thing. Nevertheless, the cumulative force of one reactionary decision after another by the Court during the coming months is bound to be great. By the beginning of next summer, the administration may decide that it has more to gain by adopting the constitutional issue than by continuing timidly to sidestep it.

Moscow on the Potomac

T. R. B.

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Other People's Money

Old Hickory's Ghost and the Civil Service—
Roosevelt Says Merit, Practises Spoils—
Farley and Andy Were Candid

AT THE recent Jackson Day banquet, at which sat the embattled job-holders of Washington at $50 per plate, the President of the United States embraced the occasion to compare himself to that rugged individualist, Old Hickory. Next day several unfriendly journalists were unkind enough to suggest that the only resemblance between Roosevelt and Jackson was their practice of the spoils system. But this is hardly true. In this resemblance there was a difference. Jackson was for the spoils system. He is reputed to have said "To the victor belong the spoils," although that glorious slogan was really uttered by one of his contemporaries. However, he endorsed it fully and defended it frankly. Jackson never said: "I think that everybody who has ever studied the question is in favor of the civil service. At least the civil service, started by President Cleveland, has taken away the old spoils system." Nor did he ever say: "I would like to see one of the great parties come forward with a challenge to the other party offering to enter into a compact to uphold and defend civil service." These statements were made by Mr. Roosevelt before he became President and chose Jim Farley as his master-spoilsman and before he turned Washington into the greatest paradise for party job-hunters since the civil-service law was passed. Now in response to a request by the League of Women Voters, the President, this modern apostle of that lusty old spoilsman, Andrew Jackson, gives us the assurance that "there can be no question of greater moment or broader effect than the strengthening and extension of the merit system, established in the competitive principles of the Civil Service Act."

These precious excerpts afford further food to those who are fond of saying that the President is a reckless speaker and writer, that he is ever ready to say whatever will please and that there is no necessary connection between the words he utters and the things that are in his mind or the course he will take. It is not that he speaks falsely. His inconsistency stems from a peculiar human weakness that tends to soften and warm and stimulate his mind to try to think at any given moment the thing his audience or companion would like him to think.

The administration began with a deliberate drive against the classified service. Raid after raid has been staged on the civil service. The public service was ransacked for jobs. Mr. Farley never missed a trick. Someone found that there were several men working in the Library of Congress translating from Sanskrit and other dead languages. An attempt was made to dislodge the incumbents and to substitute orthodox Democratic scholars. Farley went after the customs police on the Mexican border. "I think Democrats will look just as well on horseback as Republicans," he said.

Have we forgotten the famous order that went out from one of the Cabinet members: "The Secretary requires [illegible] ment to a non-civil service position he supported by clearance from some appropriate official of the Democratic Party organization. . . . It is requested that you obtain from the chairman of the Democratic County Committee, the chairman of the Democratic State Committee, or the chairman of the Democratic Central Committee in the county in which you reside, a brief statement or clearance as indicated above."

The C.C.C. camps needed men. The following order was issued: "For all positions which require qualification of an unskilled or non-professional character, a list of men available for the different camps with statement of qualifications will be furnished through the Secretary's special assistant, Mr. Julius Friant, to the Forester." This seems innocent enough until you learn that Mr. Julius Friant, at the time, was the Democratic Committee's special agent in the Department of Agriculture to look after the spoils.

When the Home Owners' Loan Corporation was formed, Seaboard Bill Stevenson of South Carolina was appointed to administer the use of billions by troubled home owners. Stevenson had to name three representatives in each county for this difficult job—9,000 men in all. The appointments were made on the recommendations of the Democratic congressmen. In New York it was Mr. Vincent Daly, Farley's assistant on the Democratic Committee. In Ohio, it was Harry G. Brunner, the Ohio State Democratic chairman. The H.O.L.C. was an utter failure in its first operations and had to be reorganized.

When the President came into office there were 447,000 jobs under the merit system. There were still 110,000 outside of it. After two years, about 100,000 jobs had been added to the federal payrolls. Practically all of them were under the spoils system.

Congress has taken little part in extending the merit system. It has been done by the Presidents. For the last fifty years, President after President has slowly brought into the classified service one group of government employees after another. It is thus that over 440,000 federal workers were put under the protection of the system. Franklin D. Roosevelt has been almost the first President since Cleveland who has systematically hacked away at the merit system. The Civil Service League has said that the President has taken the greatest backward step toward the spoils system in the Post Office Department since the classified service was inaugurated.

Now there are men who believe in the spoils system. Jackson was one. Jim Farley is another. There are men who abhor it and proclaim devotion to the merit system in government. Both views are supportable and understandable. What is not understandable is this preaching of devotion to the merit system and practising the spoils system. It took a good deal of brass for the President to give that message to the League of Women Voters.

Jim Farley has been honest about this. In 1931 he wrote Bob Moses, New York Park Commissioner: "I don't agree to your method of selecting men which you indicate is done by a board of engineers. My attitude would be, Bob, to appoint no one but Democrats to these laboring positions." Later he said: "I believed that then and believe it now." But what does Franklin D. Roose-

JOHN T. FLYNN.

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On the Labor Front

Subsidizing M. Fine and Company—An Investigation of "Vocational Training" Schools—Federal Loans for Strikebreaking

OUT IN Jeffersonville, Indiana, some 600 women employees of M. Fine and Sons, manufacturers of work shirts, are out on strike, and the odds against them are just about as tough as any to be found in the country. Their employer has succeeded in enlisting the combined support of the Indiana National Guard, the Vicksburg, Mississippi, Chamber of Commerce and the United States government. That may seem an overstatement, and certainly I should not expect the Supreme Court to uphold it, because it involves an element of interstate commerce, something that is not supposed to affect employer-employee relations. But here is the story.

Immediately after the N.R.A. was declared unconstitutional, M. Fine and Sons lengthened hours and cut wages, though the Cotton Garment Shirt Manufacturers' Association, of which the company is a member, pledged to the President that code provisions would continue to be observed. Code hours were wholly ignored, while pay on piece-rate work was slashed as much as 50 percent. The result was that the employees in Jeffersonville and New Albany, a nearby town, went on strike early in October. They later became organized in the United Garment Workers of America, affiliated with the A.F. of L.

The next item of interest is a special dispatch from Vicksburg, Mississippi, appearing in The New York Journal of Commerce of December 17. This tells us that the local Chamber of Commerce has arranged to build a new factory at a cost of $80,000, which will be presented to M. Fine and Sons as a "gift from the community." The factory, of course, is for the manufacture of work shirts, but it is also to serve as a "training school" in which girls of Vicksburg will receive "free" instruction. And what is even more to the point is the information that "the training expense will be shared by the federal government." In addition, "The Fine company will have a five-year tax exemption."

Now vocational training is a fine thing, and perhaps the subject ought to be dropped here with praise for everybody involved in this little project in Vicksburg. I am impelled, however, to mention one other item that seems to have some relevance both to the girls in Vicksburg and to those in Jeffersonville. It is a report made by Dr. John W. Studebaker, Federal Commissioner of Education, and it concerns the gross misuse of federal funds for vocational training. It was made public—by sheer chance I suppose—just a week after the special dispatch from Vicksburg to The Journal of Commerce. Among the things that Dr. Studebaker's investigators found going on in "training" plants partly supported by government funds were the following:

> Workers were being trained on production without pay for from six to twelve weeks and then transferred to payrolls at learners' wages. Goods thus produced without payment of wages were sold on the open market.
>
> Workers were kept at repetitive processes by employers and were informed that such training was vocational education.
>
> Factory superintendents and foremen were appointed as teachers and paid at public expense; also, persons employed as instructors were doing the work of mechanics and operatives.
>
> No regard was paid to the qualifications set up for vocational-training teachers.

In brief, the investigators found that "the good name of the public school" was being used to "cloak schemes for commercial gain."

How does it happen that the various departments of education (chiefly in Southern states) should be supporting these training projects? The study attributes the support to pressure brought by power companies and business groups interested in promoting industrial migration. These arrange such special inducements as those offered to the Fine company—free factories, tax exemption and workers trained at public expense. In one case, it was found, "everyone in town, even the people on relief, contributed something to the building fund." Obviously enough, companies that are having labor trouble elsewhere find these offers inviting.

It will be interesting to see whether the federal government, with this excellent report in hand, will change its mind about subsidizing M. Fine and Sons. For meanwhile, at the Fine plants in Indiana, experienced garment workers are still on strike. The National Guard has moved in, prevented picketing and established martial law so stringent that the strikers are not even permitted to operate a field kitchen set up to feed the 600 strikers and their families—on the excuse that no meetings or gatherings of strikers are legal. The Fine company, supported by the National Guard in Indiana and with the prospect of a new factory and cheap workers in Mississippi, has refused to meet the strikers. There appears slight hope that they will get their jobs back. Jack Fine, manager of the shirt factories, has rejected all peace negotiations and boasted on behalf of the company that "The word arbitration isn't in our dictionary any more."

One activity of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation that has not received a great deal of publicity is its practice of advancing loans to anti-union manufacturers. Union officials in the textile industry charge that some of the most notorious anti-labor concerns have received R.F.C. money—even while strikes against them were in progress. A typical example, apparently, is that of the Mooresville (North Carolina) Cotton Mills, whose employees went on strike last September. A month or so later, the company received a loan of $800,000 from the R.F.C. This money, according to the American Federation of Hosiery Workers, "put the company in a position to go out and hire strikebreakers, which it has done, and to break a strike that was practically won." Among the hosiery manufacturers who have been able to obtain loans from the R.F.C., according to John Edelman, research director of the hosiery union, "we cannot find one who is willing to bargain with his employees." Mr. Edelman raises the interesting question of whether the federal government, in advancing funds to firms that violate the National Labor Relations Act, is not working at cross

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A COMMUNICATION

After Mussolini, What?

SIR: Many people today are forced to admit that Mussolini established in Europe a focal point from which the infection of dictatorship spread to other lands, and that should his technique of threat and blackmail prove successful in his Ethiopian gamble, the last hope for peace in Europe would vanish. They also agree that he has plunged Italy into an adventure which, even under the best circumstances, is not worth the price and may eventually end in disaster, after having already aroused against her the moral conscience of the whole world. However, not a few of them are perturbed at the thought that Mussolini's regime may collapse as a result of failure in Ethiopia. They ask: "What next?" and they answer that a Communist revolution would take place in Italy.

This is merely a new version of the old and already exploded myth according to which, thirteen years ago, Mussolini saved Italy, nay Europe, nay more, the whole world, from Bolshevism. What would really happen in Italy if Mussolini were no longer there?

A great many things might happen. The least probable of all is a Communist revolution. Italy is not Russia. Italy is a country predominantly composed of small industrialists, artisans, shopkeepers, professional groups living on a modest scale, and small landowners. There are in Italy 9,600,000 land-taxpaying units. Any government attempting to expropriate the land or shops of these people would soon be brought to its senses.

Furthermore, Italy must import from abroad all kinds of raw materials for her industries and vast quantities of foodstuffs. As soon as a Communist regime arose in Italy, the capitalists of all the other countries would boycott her and the Italian Communist regime would collapse within a fortnight under the strain of such "sanctions." The Italian Communists themselves are aware of their inability to bring about a Communist revolution. Only a few weeks ago, at a conference held in Brussels by delegates of Italian anti-Fascist refugees, they declared themselves prepared not to oppose the eventual establishment in Italy of a "bourgeois" regime on the condition that it restore political liberties.

If the Fascist regime should come to an end, the task of rebuilding Italy on the economic and moral ruins produced by thirteen years of Fascism would be formidable. It is a task that holds forth neither promise nor glory to anyone. On the basis of our observation of the Italian situation, we think that a coalition may be formed, under the auspices of the Crown and the Vatican, between some of the army chiefs and some of the Fascist politicians, who will be dusted off and brought down from the attic for the occasion. Such a coalition would rely for support on the regular army, the civil service, the police, the Catholic clergy and big business. They would liquidate the Ethiopian war, reinstate representative institutions on the basis of a restricted franchise, restore a very limited degree of political freedom and thus weather the crisis.

This coalition might last for a considerable period of time. But it is doubtful whether it could last very long. As soon as the Italians are granted the smallest amount of [illegible] themselves: "What is the use of having a King who has forfeited all sense of honor?" The essential duty of the King of Italy was to enforce respect for the Constitution upon the conflicting parties. The present King has been the accomplice of Mussolini in destroying the Constitution. No sensible Italian can have any confidence either in him or in his prospective successors. Anti-monarchist currents will develop. The coalition between army chiefs, unfaithful Fascists, pre-Fascist politicians, Catholic clergy and big business might prove to be merely a bridge toward an Italian republic. Mazzini's dream might become a reality sooner than people realize.

Of course, Italian republicans could not limit their task to the mere formal restoration of personal rights, political liberties and representative institutions. They would have to rebuild the country on the basis of a new economic and social order. They would place under the control of the community those big industrial concerns which cannot live without tariff protection and government subsidies; turn over to the tillers of the soil the 17,000,000 acres of land now belonging to no more than 12,000 parasitical great landowners; declare null and void the Lateran agreements of 1929; enact a thorough separation of the State from the Church and grant equal and unrestricted liberty to all creeds; drastically cut military expenses and put into effect a program of popular education with the greatest possible speed.

If anyone wishes to term this far-reaching change "social revolution," he is entitled to do so, provided he realizes that it would not be a "Communist" revolution, but its exact opposite, since it would create in Italy at least two million new small landowners. After all, the big industrial firms would go bankrupt without the support they receive from the government out of the pockets of the taxpayer, and the great landowners derive little or no income from their estates as a result of thirteen years of Fascist waste and extravagance and nine years of economic depression and unbearable taxation. To deprive these gentlemen of their concerns and their lands would only mean depriving them of a property that could not stand except for governmental support, or of one that has already been drained of all economic value. Such an Italian democratic republic would again bring Italy within the orbit of the civilized world. In this atmosphere of liberty and through the process of trial and error common to all peoples, Italy would resume her evolution, which was fairly well advanced before Fascism made havoc of it.

Besides an oligarchic-monarchical and democratic-republican solution, many other unpredictable crossbreed solutions might materialize, depending on the manner and the circumstances under which Mussolini's collapse would take place. Anyhow, one thing is certain: Mussolini is not eternal. Sooner or later, the Italians will have to face the problem: "What next?"

No evil will befall Italy or mankind if this problem is faced today rather than ten or twenty years hence.

For thirteen years all the conservative forces of Europe and America have given Mussolini the diplomatic, moral and financial support that he needed to strangle the Italian people. Was not the British government Mussolini's best friend from 1924 to 1934? What did M. Laval do in

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1935 if not imitate that policy of close friendship with Mussolini which Sir Austen Chamberlain had inaugurated just after the Matteotti murder, a policy that has been handed down to Arthur Henderson, Sir John Simon and Sir Samuel Hoare? The British people, to be sure, were not responsible for that policy, and as soon as they realized its implications they ousted Sir Samuel Hoare. Yet, at the moment when the Italian people are the victim of a tragedy for which British and French diplomats and American bankers are as much responsible as Mussolini himself, we find people asking: "Mussolini, and what next?" and proclaiming that Italy could not get along without him, and that it is consequently necessary to extricate him from his Ethiopian imbroglio if a new wave of communism throughout Europe is to be prevented.

We, the undersigned, always regarded the Fascist rule as inimical to the real welfare of the Italian people and to the peace of the world. Now, when the Italian people are undergoing a most dreadful ordeal, and when many of those who were the accomplices of Mussolini's crimes are asking: "What next?" we answer: "Italy." We trust in the vitality, moral sanity and common sense of the Italian people. There was an Italy before Mussolini. There will be an Italy after Mussolini—a free Italy within the Commonwealth of Nations.

MAX ASCOLI, former professor of Public Law at the University of Cagliari; G. A. BORGESE, former professor of Esthetics at the University of Milan; MICHELE CANTARELLA; GUIDO FERRANDO, former professor of English Literature at the University of Florence; GAETANO SALVEMINI, former professor of History at the University of Florence; LIONELLO VENTURI, former professor of History of Arts at the University of Turin.

New York City.

CORRESPONDENCE

The A. A. A. U. and the U. of P.

SIR: To remove a misleading impression in regard to the recent action of this Association affecting the University of Pittsburgh, I am quoting the following statement by General Secretary Cook at the recent annual meeting, at which the action in question was taken:

> Removal from the eligible list means that, in the opinion of the Association, the facts as disclosed by careful investigation show that the present administration of the University of Pittsburgh is not maintaining conditions of academic freedom and tenure which are in accordance with the principles adopted by the Association of American Colleges and by this Association. The emphasis in that statement is upon the present administration of the University of Pittsburgh. Removal from the eligible list does not mean that censure is visited by the Association upon the whole University, or upon the faculty; it does not mean that the University is placed upon a so-called blacklist so that members of our Association who are not already members of the Pittsburgh faculty, cannot accept positions on that faculty without losing their membership in the Association. We leave that to their own discretion. Further, removal from the eligible list will not affect in any way the members of the Pittsburgh faculty who are already members of the Association; they will retain all their rights as members, as individuals and also as a group, they will retain all their rights as a chapter of the Association. Such removal, however, will mean that, so long as the institution remains on the list, members of the faculty who are not already members of the Association will be ineligible for election to membership in the Association.

H. W. TYLER,
Acting General Secretary,
American Association of University Professors.

Washington, D. C.

Protection for Industrial Designs

SIR: After twenty years of sustained effort to safeguard the rights of designers in their own creations, anti-pirates are bringing forth in the present Congress a bill, a refinement of the several Vestal bills, incorporating suggestions brought out during numerous hearings held before the House Committee on Patents.

Search is carried on efficiently and expeditiously, although the registration fee is a nominal $3, and it may be conducted through the Bureau of Copyrights or through the agency of a bureau set up within the industry. Retailers are free from liability until they have been served notice of restraining injunction. One notice of copyright is deemed sufficient for each ordinary unit of sale. The scope of the bill is limited to textiles, furniture and toys.

Until such a measure is passed, nothing in the way of design will be exclusive. Under the present conditions the artist's ideas are stolen and duplicated by pilferers before he can realize on them. The legitimate manufacturer who buys them loses through having his goods copied in cheaper materials and offered at prices he cannot afford to meet because of his expensive equipment investment; the retailer suffers when his cut-rate neighbor displays, in inferior material, a faulty replica at a fraction of the price at which the legitimate manufacturer can afford to sell his merchandise. Moreover, the unsuspecting public is duped. Not too well versed in the principles underlying values, the ultimate consumer goes bargain-hunting, innocently paying more than the shoddy product is worth.

Such a bill as the one now under consideration, H.R. 5859, will enable manufacturers to market quality products at reasonable prices, thus paving the way for the creation and enjoyment of greater beauty in our surroundings.

Clifton, Ariz. MINNIE B. TRACEY.

Giddap!

SIR: To put it another way, the Supreme Court majority backed the old gray mare into a pair of discarded shafts and hitched the outfit to the front of a transcontinental airplane. Giddap!

Pasadena, Calif. HAROLD D. CAREW.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

James P. Cannon, editor of The New Militant, informs us that an article written by Leon Trotsky and printed in that magazine was reprinted without permission by Mr. Hearst's New York American on Sunday, January 19. Another article in The New Militant, written by a refugee member of the Trotskyist Opposition in the Soviet Union, was also "appropriated" for the same issue of the newspaper. Mr. Cannon indignantly repudiates the charge that Trotsky is now writing for Hearst or accepting Hearst money.

The Burlington Defense Committee is raising funds to finance appeals of the workers convicted in the dynamite trials in North Carolina and will welcome contributions sent to Mrs. Paul Green, Treasurer, Burlington Defense Committee, Chapel Hill, North Carolina. . . . The Rural Worker announces itself as a new monthly paper circulating among agricultural laborers. Because of the financial circumstances of its readers, it has to keep the annual subscription price at 25 cents, and is therefore asking sympathizers to send in voluntary subscriptions at $1 per year in order that the paper may continue publication. Address the Press League Committee for The Rural Worker, 65 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Brookwood Labor College at Katonah, New York, last month celebrated its fifteenth anniversary. Brookwood has received praise from all over the world for its work in training leaders for the labor movement and its graduates have done notable educational and organizational work among the workers of America. For its anniversary the college has prepared a booklet describing some of

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

The Personal Element

JOHN GUNTHER wrote this book[1] from the background of a long and wide and sometimes uncomfortably close acquaintanceship with European politics. For eleven years he has been a correspondent of The Chicago Daily News; for five of those years he had charge of the Central European bureau in Vienna, where he watched the bombardment of the Socialist apartment houses and the suppression of the Nazi revolt against Dollfuss. He reported the Reichstag fire trial from Berlin and Leipzig, the Spanish revolution from Madrid. During 1935 he revisited every European capital—excluding the Scandinavian—in order to get new material for his book at first hand. "Inside Europe" is so long and contains so many intra-European facts about persons and policies that it can't always be right. But Gunther is astonishingly accurate and open-eared and, in general, a grand reporter.

Even Walter Duranty, who excels him in most respects, has a less greedy appetite for curious and apparently trivial bits of information that acquire a sudden meaning when pieced together. Even Dorothy Thompson is not more outspoken in her sympathies (and it seems to me that a political reporter without sympathies is almost as bad as a reporter without eyes). Gunther's instinct leads him toward the left: he is moderately pro-Russian and violently anti-fascist. At the same time he feels a personal respect for some of the Fascist leaders, as witness his comments on Starhemberg and Mussolini. He likes people in general: that is one of the most engaging features of his book. He likes coffee-house gossip, which the Viennese have raised to a fine art, the equal of Viennese light music. He likes to repeat jokes, especially the anonymous political jokes that have taken the place of editorials in countries that lack a free press. No matter how unorthodox his methods are, he ends by giving a clear and reasonably terrifying account of the European world in 1935.

But "Inside Europe" has one grave fault, which inheres in its method and its thesis. Gunther says in an introductory note that he is writing "from a definite point of view. It is that accidents of personality play a great role in history. . . . Important political, religious, nationalist, as well as economic factors are not, I believe, neglected in this book. But its main trend is personal." This trend, this emphasis on the characters and misadventures of statesmen, distorts the author's picture and often weakens his judgment of events.

Much of the distortion is due to the simple fact that "personalities" and "great leaders" are vastly more numerous on the Right than on the Left. In this respect, I think the Left is lucky. But it is not lucky in Gunther's book, where the British Tories, for example, get nearly seven times as much space as the Labor Party. In France, the most important political event of the last five years was the appearance of a People's Front, which seems to have stopped the advance of fascism (and if it is stopped in France, it is likely to be stopped elsewhere). It happens that the People's Front has no picturesque leaders, and Gunther gives it very little space—not one-fifth so much as he gives to M. Pierre Laval, whom the People's Front has just overthrown. Here his interest in personalities prevents him from following his personal interests.

Another result, perhaps more serious, is that Gunther attributes all sorts of events to the inner character or even to the accidental carelessness of a single man. Thus, General Goering "spent his holidays climbing the Austrian Alps. He too, like Hitler, has strong emotional affiliations with Austria, and this may be one of the contributory factors accounting for the Nazi assault on Austria in 1933 and 1934." The first serious attempt to absorb Austria was made by former Chancellor Brüning, who was neither Austrian-born nor an Alpinist. Hitler and Goering are now trying to annex Danzig and Memel, but this does not mean that they like to go sea-bathing in the Baltic.—"It is quite probable that Soviet Russia would have never had a Five Year Plan had not Trotsky succumbed to a fit of pique and refused to attend Lenin's funeral." I do not believe that Messrs. Stalin and Trotsky now agree on many subjects, but I fancy that both of them would sign a statement to the effect that this was damned nonsense.—"The Dollfuss dictatorship in Austria was, as we shall see, made possible because a Socialist deputy went to the bathroom during a crucial parliamentary debate." We actually see that the Socialist deputy's absence from an important vote was only one episode in a series of inexcusably careless acts. It gave Dollfuss an excuse to dissolve parliament, but the next day or the next week he would have had another—"In Vienna Dr. Wilhelm Stekel . . . told me that most political murders are offshoots of a distorted father fixation." Dr. Stekel the psychoanalyst is Gunther's black angel: whenever his name appears in the text, the author begins talking elaborate nonsense. But in this case the nonsense is worse than usual. "Perhaps Booth was beaten by a drunken father. So Lincoln died. Perhaps Princip was doubtful of his mother's virtue. So the World War came." And so, simultaneously, every reasonable notion of historical cause and effect was assassinated by Dr. Stekel's theory.

Mind you, I am not trying to suggest that most of Gunther's book is on the low level of the passages I have quoted. On the contrary, he often passes judgment on statesmen, or quotes a few lines from their speeches, in a fashion that reveals not only their individual characters but the whole world in which they live. There is, moreover, a justifiable motive for his revolt against the purely economic interpretation of current events. Many historians and journalists of the last five years have been forgetting men and women, their needs and loyalties, and writing as if everything could be explained in two words by the cost of butter and eggs and the price of Cabinet Ministers. Gunther is right in assailing this tendency; the trouble is that he lets his rebellion carry him too far.

The trouble is, essentially, that he thinks of the political leader as an individual rather than as a social phenomenon. He forgets that the leader cannot exist without followers, and that these followers have a decisive role in shaping his character. Indeed, there is a stage of his political career at which the leader is the least personal man that could possibly exist. He has to express the desires of his followers; he has to embody their ambitions; he has to be loyal to them at the cost of losing their loyalty if he strikes out for himself. It is only later in his life—after he has become [illegible] tired old man like

[1] Inside Europe, by John Gunther. New York: Harper and

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Clemenceau and Briand—that he can afford to develop a character of his own. One of the most valuable features of Gunther's book is that it proves, against his own thesis, the general colorlessness and inconsequence of political personalities. MALCOLM COWLEY.

They Lie All the Time

Propaganda and the News, by Will Irwin. New York: Whittlesey House. 313 pages. $2.75.

WILL IRWIN has now joined the growing band of those who write about the good and bad deeds of the press. Most of his predecessors have been divided into two groups: college professors who are fiercely theoretical in the field of social psychology, and journalists who can describe the iniquities of newspapers from personal experience. Mr. Irwin on the whole belongs in the second class, though his own career has been chiefly as special writer, particularly for magazines, and the routine of getting out a paper is a little foreign to him. He departs from the norm also in taking an optimistic view of journalistic morals, which he thinks are pretty good now and are getting better.

His book divides itself into three parts. The first third, which gives a history of the daily newspaper and a description of its organization and technique, might very well go into a text for first-year students in schools of journalism. The last third describes commercial and political propaganda of the present day; it is thrown somewhat out of focus by Mr. Irwin's warm admiration for his old Stanford University friend, former President Hoover, for whose defeat he gives a disproportionate share of credit to Mr. Charles Michelson, publicity chief for the Democratic Party. By far the most interesting of the three sections is the middle one, in which he describes the propaganda of the various governments during the Great War. Here he is speaking on the basis of his personal experience as a war correspondent and later as an important officer of the American Committee on Public Information, and his report has the interest that always inheres in personal reminiscence.

The picture he draws is of a world in which nearly all governments were engaged in spreading lies to their own and all other peoples. Mr. Irwin is inclined to make an exception for the United States; he portrays a country which in its propaganda told the truth, or at least part of the truth, or at any rate what the American propagandists considered to be the truth at that time. (He omits at least one incident in which a definite falsehood was broadcast in the United States, dealing with the alleged victory of a group of American destroyers over a German submarine, in order to cheer the people up.) The most effective American propaganda behind the German lines seems to have been printed menus showing the daily fare of American soldiers and promising enemy troops that if they would surrender, they would get the same food; some of those who did so came across No Man's Land with copies of these menus in their hands. (Some of them, also, were butchered on the spot because our men were too busy at the moment to handle prisoners.) Perhaps the greatest publicity coup of the War was the destruction of Italian morale before Caporetto, when the Germans and Austrians forged complete editions of Italian newspapers and even distributed to Italian soldiers letters supposedly dictated by their illiterate wives describing the dreadful conditions at home.

I would draw from Mr. Irwin's pages a conclusion more gloomy than his own. It seems to me that [illegible] any group that gets control of the major instruments of public opinion in any country can do pretty much what it pleases with the course of popular sentiment in that country. Mr. Irwin in his closing passage expresses the belief that truth, crushed to earth, can rise again, at least "so long as we have free press and free speech." I do not know to whom his "we" refers; free speech and a free press do not exist, at this moment, for about 1,300,000,000 people—two-thirds of the population of the world. As for the freedom that exists in the very "best" countries, such as Great Britain and the United States, it is subject to all sorts of reservations and infringements. There is more freedom for majority opinion than for minorities, more for the existing order than for those who would change it, more for wealth than for poverty, more in times of prosperity than in depressions, more for those who agree with the audiences they reach than for those who seek to upset the ideas of those audiences. Some years ago Mr. Lewis Gannett, reviewing in The Nation a group of books about the origins of the Great War, did so under the title, "They All Lied." His phrase might well be broadened: in so far as the control of public opinion is useful to them, it seems to me that all governments and other power groups lie, consciously or unconsciously, all the time. BRUCE BLIVEN.

Chance and Fate

Chance Has a Whip, by Raymond Holden. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

THE DISINTEGRATION of an order, in "Chance Has a Whip," revolves inward upon the consciousness of Hendrick Fillmore, American steel executive, in the period since 1930. Fillmore never got quite clear of his childhood, his mistaken first marriage. Deeply concerned with the problem of industrial relations, he planned to make Consolidated Steel and Wire a coöperative enterprise. Gilligan, a labor leader, cynically pointed out the rifts in this lute. Neither Gilligan nor Fillmore could conceive any alternative beyond the American rule of thumb for solving a given problem in terms of specific practical resource. Here, perhaps, Mr. Holden gets closer to the current national state of mind than, say, Sinclair Lewis; but his novel gives no hint of politics, immediate or otherwise, in characters living through the most intensely political era the United States has known since the Civil War.

The preponderant theme, Fillmore's lost-child love for Leda Putnam, is carried off with a good deal of sureness, warmth and humor. Especially in the well handled scenes at the steel mill, Fillmore emerges as a representative though hardly typical figure in American industry. Mr. Holden sees in him a rather intelligent, well meaning and competent man, more than a little schizoid, who turned out to be the victim of an extraordinary run of bad luck. This attitude creates a certain amount of marginal bathos. One suspects that, like the hero of "Many Marriages," Fillmore brought a part of that luck upon himself in the shape of an aborted esthetic temperament. The climax, a piece of ironic double melodrama, reopens the whole question of form and philosophic attack as these relate to the problem of tragedy occurring by chance. *Is* it tragedy? Is not the very act of assigning too much authority to chance an implicit moral judgment on one's characters? Or does Mr. Holden mean "chance" quite simply as an increased frequency and intensity of accident, what amounts to a kind of social fate, imposed by the disorder of the modern world?

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The Jameses

The Thought and Character of William James, by Ralph Barton Perry. Vol. I, Inheritance and Vocation; Vol. II, Philosophy and Psychology. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 1,658 pages. $12.

THERE are biographies that seem compelled to inflate their subject, and others that engage in debunking their subject's reputation. It is a pleasure to find a person whose life is so well worth writing as that of William James—one case of biography where it would not occur to anyone that either course is necessary. Again, there are biographies in which the subject is sacrificed to an account of the environment in which he lived and there are others that follow the reverse course. As Mr. Perry remarks in his foreword, the life and mind of James were interwoven with their context, and hence in his case no such separation or sacrifice has been necessary. If Mr. Perry has been extraordinarily happy in his choice of subject, it is also true that it has been the fortune of William James to find a biographer who is remarkably successful in permitting James not only to speak for himself but to be himself. An unforgettable figure emerges.

Because his life was so one with his mind and character, and these, in turn, were so interwoven with a rich and varied environment in Europe and America, and because James gave his vivid personality such free expression in friendships (involving voluminous letter writing), the resulting picture of the James family and of their friends, associates and correspondents is by far the best portrayal of the American Golden Age that has been drawn. One wonders, and with a certain sadness, whether there are or have been for many years in America such groups as are brought before us from both the New York and the Boston-Cambridge residence of the James family.

That the family as a family emerges as the center and focus of all the intellectual and moral interweavings with the environing "context" is what was to be expected. Yet the intimacy and vitality of the family connections were such that only a complete record like the present one could bring it fully home. The clearness and vigor with which the personality of Henry James Sr. stands forth is one of the triumphs of Mr. Perry's record. It would not be true to say that he almost eclipses his distinguished children. But it is true that we have a constellation which without the presence of the father would be something wholly other than the system that now shines so brilliantly.

The growth of William James's interests, his incomparably free and rich education at home and in his travels and residence abroad, his attempt at the career of the painter, his shifts to medicine, physiology, psychology and philosophy—these are portrayed in a masterly way. So is the development of his leading ideas in psychology and philosophy, with just enough comment from the editor to clear up dark spots, the editor's unobtrusive mastery of all relevant material serving to bind details into a whole. In most respects, this material rounds out and completes the picture already drawn in letters previously published, in the reminiscences of his brother Henry, and his own psychological and philosophical writings. By contrast, it is the account of his father and his father's influence that possesses the greatest novelty, for even the fairly informed reader. Moreover, the wealth of materials, in records of personal contacts and of ideas, is so vast that anything like an adequate review is out of the question. This fact, then, is an [illegible] and moral connection of William James with his father for special consideration.

It would, indeed, be a simple (and a gratifying) matter to occupy my entire space with selections from the exuberant outpourings of the father, which are as pointed and often as stinging as they are richly unconstrained. Such an anthology would go far to account for the literary style of William James; it would be impossible to find any course of "literary" and stylistic education equaling the years spent by the latter within the hearing of his father's conversations. I confine myself to a few instances. There is Carlyle, "the same old sausage, fizzing and sputtering in his own grease"; there is Hawthorne seen, in James's delighted imagination, returning from a banquet at which he had declined to be a conversational lion, and falling on his knees to "ask his heavenly father why it was that an owl couldn't remain an owl and not be forced into the dimensions of a canary"; there is his summoning up of the character of the English, too long to quote (found on pages 123-4 of Vol. I). There is his summary of the side of Emerson he did not like (on pages 96-7).

But this influence of the father upon the son's mode of speech is only the outer side of a deeper influence, one that I think is at the heart of all the deeper philosophical insights of William James—in spite of the obvious gap that separates his formulations from the Swedenborgian-Fourierism of his father, differences typified perhaps in the fact that, while theological systematization was the key to everything in the mind of the father, the son had great interest in the "varieties of religious experiences" (practically all on the same level of worth provided they were genuine experiences) and practically none in theology.

I find the key to the continuity of the son's thought with that of the father suggested, if only in some dimly felt analogy, in a letter written in 1873 by Henry James Sr., who expressed his shame that he should feel so much more keenly the sufferings of members of his own family than those of the rest of humanity. Coming from most persons, this feeling would seem to be sheer sentimentalism or Pecksniffian hypocrisy. But such traits are completely foreign to the character of the elder, as to that of the younger, James. So when he goes on to say that he learned through the experience of the illness of his children to be willing "to ask for the amelioration of their lot only as a part of the common lot," and that the one thing to be desired is "reconciliation of the individual and the universal interest in humanity," I think we may assume we are at the heart of his thought. There is the same idea expressed here in a serious way that he expressed in a characteristically humorous way when he said that a crowded Cambridge street car was the nearest thing to heaven to be found on earth.

There is, of course, an apparent contradiction between son and father on this important point. The father felt himself justified in arriving at the individual only through the conception of the unity of humanity; the son's regard and esteem for humanity was derived wholly from his profound sense of the basic reality of the individuals who compose it. But I think the contradiction is only apparent or at best formal and dialectical. The son began where the father left off. He did not need the intellectual apparatus by which the father reached his conclusion as to the worth of individuality. He started with it as a fact and as the fact of which he was most certain when doubts arose as to all else.

The pluralism of James, his indeterminism, his relentless opposition to absolutes and dogmatisms, all had their source

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in this basic idea of individuality that underlay all of William James's thinking. There is nothing new in this statement and I do not suppose anyone would question it. What the volumes before us have taught me in addition to this fact is how acutely and deeply this idea bears the impress of his father's character and thought.

To one who has not taken into account William James's profound, unremitting and sincere sense of the ultimate nature and value of individuality, the philosophy of James will always remain a closed book. In some of his later writings, James said that the proper title for his essay called "The Will to Believe" was "The Right to Believe"—a right that existed in certain cases, namely, those momentous in issue and where objective evidence is inconclusive. To my mind this "right to believe" was an expression of James's sense of the indefeasible worth of individuality and its right to its own expression. Many sayings of James's that are superficially capable of interpretation as mere concessions of a compromising (if not a time-serving) sort to the ideas of others have their root, I am sure, in this same sense of the ultimate right of individuals to be themselves and to have their own ideas—provided only they are sincere. If he sometimes overstepped the mark, it was because he tended to impute to others the same sincerity that marked his own beliefs. He was always saying in effect, "How can I claim a right to my own ideas unless I grant the same right to others?"

If I may introduce a personal recollection in this connection, I recall the enthusiasm with which James greeted an essay in which Schiller developed the idea that an Absolute might be the culminating climax toward which things tend. My own enthusiasm being somewhat less, James added: "Oh, I don't myself need the conception of an Absolute at the end any more than at the beginning, but there are many who can't get along without the Absolute in some form." This remark suggests that quality which laid James open to accusations that are completely removed from his life and character. But James himself had achieved, along with an acute and penetrating insight into intellectual sham and pretense when they are elaborately formulated, the kind of spiritual innocence which his father thought the ultimate goal, in connection with his feeling for the rights of others.

I may seem to have got away from the volumes that are my nominal subject; in a way I have. But volumes of sixteen hundred pages that record a full and vivid career lived in a richness of context most of us can only dream about, elude conventional literary notice in any case. Anyone who reads these volumes with the spiritual continuity of father and son in mind will see clearly many things that otherwise may escape him. The grandfather, "William of Albany," had no misgivings with respect to forming the character and beliefs and dictating the conduct of his children. The father, Henry Sr., found himself in complete revolt. He wrote: "Accordingly as you inconsiderably shorten the period of infantile innocence and ignorance in the child, you weaken his chances of a future manly character." The positive statement of what is said negatively here is, "Liberty . . . consists in the inalienable right of every man to believe according to the unbribed inspiration of his heart, and to act according to the unperverted dictates of his own understanding." Anyone who has a responsive sense of the meaning of these words and who reads the sayings and doings of William James in their light, will, I am confident, better understand William's philosophical formulations. He will also understand better his depressions and uncertainties (in a body less vigorous and less ...

will appreciate his sympathetic and often, in retrospect, unduly intense response to writings that gave back to him some of his own ideas; and will realize that something more than ill health is behind what his sister meant when she called him a "blob of mercury, unable to stick to anything for the sake of sticking." Temperamental and cultivated responsiveness to whatever seemed genuine in the ideas of others is not favorable to systematized logical continuity. But it will, unless I am vastly mistaken, give his work an enduring vitality denied to philosophic writings whose chief claim is a logical consistency. What seems a lack of conclusiveness in James is due to what James shares with life itself—its many-sidedness.

JOHN DEWEY.

For Clubwomen

Prophets and Poets, by André Maurois. New York: Harper and Brothers. 363 pages. $3.

THIS COLLECTION of nine lectures on contemporary English writers should be a warning to popular orators not to collect their words in anything so tangible as a book. For, although there is less nonsense to M. Maurois than to the average ladies'-club lion, his lectures don't stand up by themselves. His introduction explains that the nine writers have been chosen because each one of them offers a philosophy as well as esthetic enjoyment. The five pre-war writers all advocated a doctrine; the four later ones went in for humor, sensation or mysticism. Thus, we have Kipling's English public-school imperialism, Wells's utopian intellectual aristocracy, Shaw's Fabian socialism, Chesterton's Catholicism, Conrad's disciplined man of honor; and, among the post-war writers, Lytton Strachey's and Aldous Huxley's satire, D. H. Lawrence's sensualism, Katherine Mansfield's spiritual awareness. The Mansfield chapter, with its muddled picture of her philosophy, is one of the poorest; the chapters on Lawrence and Huxley are among the best. In general, M. Maurois gives a great deal more biography and synopsis than actual thought and criticism. He is something like a promoter trying to sell a product by giving away samples. The chapter on Chesterton, for example, contains some thirty-three pages, of which more than twenty-five are devoted either to the life of the hero or to rehashing some of his works. Doubtless this emphasis is partly due to the fact that the lectures were originally delivered to an audience that would have been bothered by any ideas too far over their heads.

The fact that the audience was also French perhaps explains the inordinate number of comparisons with Molière, Voltaire and their compatriots. But even for a Frenchman, M. Maurois has what practically amounts to a Voltaire compulsion. "Has Shaw been the equal of Voltaire?" he asks. "Comparisons of this sort have little meaning," he answers, and then proceeds to make the comparison anyway. Of Strachey he says, "It would be a very rough and ready approximation to compare him to Voltaire"; then he goes right ahead to do so. Wells's "intellectual dominion" in the United States he considers equal to that of Voltaire in eighteenth-century Europe. . . . In the chapter on Conrad, he pictures the novelist on shipboard, busy evoking the shade of Flaubert, while his companions, "rather puzzled and inquisitive, open the door of his cabin and ask: 'What is it you're always scribbling there?'" It's time someone came to the door of dear old Seacaptain Maurois' cabin.

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The Old and the New South

Pro-Slavery Thought in the Old South, by William Sumner Jenkins. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 392 pages. $2.50.

The South Looks at Its Past, by B. B. Kendrick and A. M. Arnett. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 204 pages. $2.

The Collapse of Cotton Tenancy, by Charles S. Johnson, Edwin R. Embree and W. W. Alexander. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 81 pages. $1.

The Cast-Iron Man: Calhoun and American Democracy, by Arthur Styron. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 432 pages. $3.50.

BEFORE a definitive history of the South can be written—and there is no more glaring gap in our national knowledge—a number of specialized fields must be investigated. Two of the books I have here ("The South Looks at Its Past," "The Collapse of Cotton Tenancy") are valuable additions. And Mr. Jenkins, in his analysis of the body of thought developed in the Old South in defense of the institution of domestic slavery ("Pro-Slavery Thought in the Old South"), has contributed enormously to the study of the whole field. The ground he has plowed need never be dug again.

The amount of literature written on the subject of slavery—in both attack and defense—is literally amazing. It was in the air, like the depression, harrying men's minds. Poets, preachers, professors, mathematicians, novelists, botanists, anthropologists—they all contributed to the controversy. Schools and cliques sprang up. Factions quarreled among themselves. A steady stream of pamphlets flowed from the presses. Attack met counter-attack. It was a stubborn, bitter, exciting time.

The institution of slavery, as old as society itself, had been a subject of philosophic inquiry long before its introduction to America. The Greeks, the Romans, the patristic writers of the early Christian church, had all considered it and, in one way or another, justified its existence. It remained for the controversialists of the Old South, however, to consolidate the scattered heritage of pro-slavery thought—borrowing from such diverse minds as Aristotle, Ulpian, St. Augustine, St. Thomas and the two great legal philosophers Grotius and Pufendorf—and develop it into a formalized philosophy that was supported, not only by the Bible, but by science as well.

Mr. Jenkins follows the growth of the pro-slavery ideology from its first utterances to its final completion. In the course of his investigation he relates Puritanism, Quakerism and the natural-rights philosophy of John Locke to the beginnings of the slavery debate, describes the genesis of pro-slavery thought during the Colonial period and then, having established the ultimate pattern of the pro-slavery argument in the Old South, subjects it to a complete and arresting analysis.

The value of Mr. Jenkins' study, however, does not depend only upon the contribution it makes to our knowledge of the past. It sheds considerable illumination upon the present as well. His chapter on the ethnological justification of slavery, for instance, does much to explain the contemporary attitude that the Negro is an inferior being (ideas drummed into a section's head for over a hundred years are not likely to be forgotten in a few days) and the so-called "defense mechanism" of the South is revealed but of slavery itself. Mr. Jenkins, undertaking an exceedingly difficult task, has done it exceedingly well.

In "The South Looks at Its Past," the authors attempt to explore the main current of Southern history as it flows from the old plantation-aristocratic order into the more confused economy of the South today. The opening section, an interpretative study of the ante-bellum South, is subject to considerable argument (the authors frequently reaching conclusions that seem to be underivable from the facts they present) but the rest of the book more than makes up for the partial failure of these earlier passages. The second section, devoted to the social and economic causes of the Civil War, is probably the best condensed study of that subject that has been made. The latter chapters, in which the authors examine various phases of the contemporary South, are only slightly less admirable, particularly excellent being their investigation into the causes and consequences of the tenant-farming system.

A book wholly given over to this last subject is "The Collapse of Cotton Tenancy," a brief summary of the findings of the authors during a two-year study of cotton culture and farm tenancy in the South. It describes, in annotated detail, the economic and social status of the tenant farmer, his past history, his present condition after five years of depression and, widening its scope, the problems of American cotton culture as aggravated by changes in world markets, the development of substitute materials and the prospect of increasing use of machinery in tilling and picking. In attempting to find a way out (after citing the abolition of tenancy in Denmark and the sweeping reforms made in Ireland and Mexico, to show that there can be a way out) the authors give their approval to the national Rehomesteading Project but point out, rightfully, that even if carried out wisely and on a wide scale it will only be a beginning. This is a "must" book for every person interested (except romantically) in the South today.

Arthur Styron's biography of Calhoun ("The Cast-Iron Man") is quite another matter—a "must not" book if I ever read one. John C. Calhoun has been one of the most neglected men in American history. One of the country's foremost statesmen for over fifty years, the spiritual and political leader of the so-called "hot-heads of Secession," he has been generally regarded as a minor parochial politician whose power and influence did not extend beyond his own section. A good biography of him, one that would see the man against the total background of his time, has long been needed. That need still remains.

Mr. Styron's book is, actually, not so much a biography of Calhoun as a passionate, hysterical and frequently fantastic defense of the aristocratic Old South. This involves him in a defense of slavery, which in turn makes it necessary for him to shout down the argument, incorporated in the Declaration of Independence, that all men have a right to freedom. At times his book reads like the pro-slavery pamphlets of the 1850's. The Old South, he writes, "preferred to be governed by a strong, self-conscious aristocracy which set a standard of manners and morals above the positive law." He admits that this was a medieval concept, but contends that "in this sense the South was anachronistic but not backward, for surely there was much in the feudal system to be defended against nineteenth-century sentimentalism. In this sense anachronistic may even mean enlightened. . . . Reformers who insist upon reconciling their materialistic environment with their opinions are invariably minor intellectuals and never philosophers, for the reason that their *summum bonum* is mere

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Passages like this are not incidental to the book. Mr. Styron's anti-democratic and anti-liberal prejudices color page after page. I find no pleasure in the outdoor sport of scenting fascists, but honesty as well as my nose compels me to say I detect a Silver Shirt in this woodpile. Calhoun deserves a better biography—and a better biographer.

HAMILTON BASSO.

Books in Brief

The Song of the Messiah, by John G. Neihardt. New York: The Macmillan Company. 110 pages. $1.50.

IN THIS fifth and final volume of his epic cycle of the West, Mr. Neihardt describes the wave of mysticism that swept over the defeated Indians of the Dakotas and the farther West, ending in the massacre of Wounded Knee. It is the tragic story of a culture crushed underfoot, stamped out with the same indifference with which the invaders destroyed every form of plant and animal life in their path.

In its dying phase the culture of the Sioux took on the form of the principal legend imparted by the white man, the legend of the crucified martyr, the Christ. The plains were drought-stricken. The animals on which the Indians had depended for food to eat and skins for shelter were exterminated or driven to remote refuges. The agents set to rule this conquered people were criminally dishonest as well as stupid. In their desperate plight visions of fair, green lands came to the Indians; the wonderful and the miraculous were close at hand. They set out to find the promised land of their vision and were met by the guns of the cavalry at Wounded Knee.

Mr. Neihardt has told this story in passionate, vigorous couplets that suffer none of the restraints and abashments of latter-day verse. The flow of the narrative is scarcely impeded by occasional rhetorical passages that seem to lack the glow the poet has elsewhere imparted to the stuff of history. In its entirety the cycle has a truly epic quality, a breadth and a daring that assure its recognition after a troubled, transitory age has passed. M. W. C.

The Next Hundred Years: The Unfinished Business of Science, by C. C. Furnas. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. 448 pages. $3.

A chemical engineer, after visiting that overrated fair, the Century of Progress Exposition at Chicago, was moved to reflect on the innumerable ways in which science and technology had failed, and are failing, to perform their proper functions in their respective fields of knowledge and practice. The result is a book that should be required reading for all optimists. Mr. Furnas is no literary man, nor does his philosophy carry him very far—but he has certainly ripped the veil of pretense from our boasted scientific achievements. Starting with eugenics and the biological sciences, continuing with chemistry and physics, he outlines hundred of problems still unsolved. When we come to his own special field, engineering, the pictures of inefficiency, bluff and sheer deception are enough to make a Technocrat blush with rage or confusion. The worst of it is that most of the faults could be overcome if—a very big IF—only the scientist and the engineer were allowed to come together in a common social purpose. Of that much Mr. Furnas is aware, and his exciting book is a tribute to man's colossal resourcefulness, and a challenge to think in terms of a world in which that resourcefulness would be encouraged in the

Dust Over the Ruins, by Helen Ashton. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

MOST PEOPLE travel cooped up in a box; they take along not only a valise, but a way of living. Consider the English archeological party of this novel, digging in the East for the relics of a lost civilization. Their camp becomes a small colony in which the famous Lawrence-of-Arabia country dwindles into goat chops, pottery, typewriters and flirtation. Although Miss Ashton cuts peepholes into the travel-box, little of the spaciousness of the desert valley, of its metallic wind and light, penetrates these narrow apertures. Little, that is, beyond an occasional neat phrase tucked away in the author's garrulous prose. The box, meanwhile, closes tighter and tighter around its five occupants. Of these, a young woman, while deliberately playing off her charm on a naïve youth and a senile gentleman, manages to remain loyal to her husband. A storm which enforces close intimacy upon the party turns the situation into one of fire beneath a pot of water; mutual nagging and jealousy cause the pressure to mount, surplus steam pushes the lid off, and the story slowly evaporates into a mild reprimand on the ethics of flirtation. F. V.

Memoirs of Count Apponyi. New York: The Macmillan Company. 325 pages. $2.50.

Always the cavalier and grand seigneur through a long life (he was over eighty-five when he died two years ago), Count Apponyi was also a fervent Hungarian patriot and devoted monarchist. And in the end he rather surprised those who knew him by developing a decided attachment to the cause of international coöperation and the air at Geneva. Unfortunately his memoirs turn out not to be his political memoirs. There is a chapter dealing with his leadership of the Hungarian peace delegation to Versailles, but it takes "the anecdotal point of view," the events being "still unsuitable for publication." The book otherwise is a collection of essays, all filled with a certain zest and a very grand-seigneurial dilettantism. Outside of a propensity to exalt Muscleman Benito, to miscall countries and to misread history, the essays make entertaining stuff, the one on Liszt and Wagner particularly. P. O.

The Jewish Caravan: Great Stories of Twenty-Five Centuries, selected and edited by Leo W. Schwarz. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 780 pages. $3.75.

Within self-imposed limits of space, form and subject matter, Mr. Schwarz, a Hebrew scholar and ex-rabbi, has succeeded in presenting a comprehensive survey of Jewish literature through the ages. He has taken his material both from the Sacred Books—the Bible, the Apocrypha, the Midrash, the Talmud—and from profane sources, the Hassidic tales, folk stories out of the Pale and art stories written for publication by Jewish authors. The most interesting feature of this long anthology is the fashion in which its variety of treatment is superimposed on a basic similarity of spirit. For, no matter how different the background of life and belief—nationalist, assimilationist, orthodox or liberal, 586 B.C. or 1935 A.D.; whether in ancient or in modern Palestine, in Soviet Russia or in present-day America—the same traits underlie the expression of the Jewish spirit: smoldering passion, self-ironic humor, a tenacious sense of family and race and, latterly, a racial inferiority-superiority complex born of persecution. The short introductions to each chapter show a firm grasp of the available material and considerable research. In some

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Sahara: The Great Desert, by E. F. Gautier. Translated by Dorothy Ford Mayhew. New York: Columbia University Press. 281 pages, illustrated. $3.75.

Gautier being a shrewd as well as a careful observer, and having a considerable literary talent, his book is outstanding among its kind. He makes even his geological reports interesting, while his accounts of the way desert rivers, by blocking their own outlets with silt, allowed themselves to be "captured" by rivers flowing below the desert, are positively dramatic. In his description of the "New Sahara," transformed by new systems of communication, he shows himself to be a legitimate son of French imperialism. I. S.

A Correction

In an editorial paragraph in our issue of January 29, written just as we were going to press, The New Republic inadvertently referred to the late King George V of Great Britain as the son of Albert and Alexandra. He was, of course, the son of Edward VII and Alexandra, as the world—including the editors of The New Republic—well knows.—The Editors.

Contributors

Charles A. Beard is the author of many books in the fields of history and economics, the most recent of which is "The Open Door at Home."

John Hammond Jr. has long been interested in the culture, and particularly the music, of the Negro. He attended the previous trials of the Scottsboro boys.

Helene Mullins is the author of "Balm in Gilead," "Earthbound" and "Convent Girl," all published by Harper's. She is now in the hospital recovering from serious injuries received in an automobile accident, and meanwhile working on a long narrative poem, as well as a novel dealing with three generations of New Yorkers.

John Dewey, the distinguished philosopher and educator, was associated with William James in developing the Pragmatist point of view. Dr. Dewey's latest book is "Liberalism and Social Action," published last fall by Minton, Balch.

Geoffrey Hellman is a member of the editorial staff of The New Yorker and has published articles and book reviews in that and other magazines.

Hamilton Basso, formerly on the staff of The New Republic, is spending the winter in South Carolina and working on his new novel.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Marquis W. Childs, Harold Ward, Frances Valensi, Peter Olden, Barthold Fles and Isidor Schneider.

MEETING

Religion and the American Mind, a lecture by **CORLISS LAMONT,** author of **"The Illusion of Immortality."** Monday, February 10th, at 8:20 P. M. Hotel Delano, 108 W. 43rd St. Chairman, **WALDO FRANK.** Auspices: League of American Writers. Admission, 35c.

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